# The Nation

Vol. CIII NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1916 No. 2676

## Summary of the News

The submarine issue, echoes of which have long been rumbling in secret conferences of members of the Reichstag, has been revived in acute form for this country. Last Saturday the town of Newport, R. I., rubbed its eyes as the German submarine U-53 was escorted into harbor by a United States submarine. The apparent purpose of the visit was the bearing of a letter to Count von Bernstorff. That precious missive the commander of the submarine nonchalantly tossed to a newspaper man with the request that it be mailed, and after an hour or two of interviewing and snapshotting, the visitor departed, ostensibly bound for the Fatherland.

That the letter to the German Ambassador, casually entrusted to the first person to board the submarine, was not the sole cause for the U-boat's long voyage was made disagreeably apparent on Sunday, when six merchant ships, British and neutral, were sent to the bottom or left crippled off Nantucket shoals. An American vessel was also halted, but was allowed to proceed. United States destroyers were dispatched from Newport to rescue the victims, among whom were the passengers and crew, numbering about 140, of the British liner Stephano, which plies regularly between New York, Halifax, and St. John's, Newfoundland. In a brief statement issued on Monday the President announced that the German Government would be held "to the complete fulfilment of its promises."

It would be at least a plausible assumption that the inauguration of the new submarine campaign in the western Atlantic represents a concession by the German Chancellor to the extremists of the Reichstag who have been busy debating the question in the Budget Committee. Many rumors have been circulated, but little authentic information has leaked out concerning the tenor of those secret debates. It seems possible, however, that the postponement of the sittings of the Reichstag from October 5 to October 11 (yesterday) may prove to have had some connection with recent developments in submarine warfare. Joy and pride in the exploits of the U-boats in the western Atlantic may go far towards conciliating the Chancellor's opponents. Meanwhile, it is worth noting that the same papers which recorded the arrival at Newport of the U-53 also published a dispatch from London giving the gist of a statement by the British Foreign Office in which two specific instances were mentioned of ships having recently been attacked without warning by German submarines.

Operations on the Rumanian front have been marked by more variety, if not by more importance, than any that have occurred during the past week. Since Berlin's announcement of sweeping victories in Dobrudja, when only local engagements were referred to, one has come to accept the German official statements with reserve. There is no doubt, however, that the Rumanian forces have suffered a setback in Transylvania, since it is admitted by Bucharest that the entire line from Hermannstadt to Kronstadt has fallen back to the Carpathian frontier "in face of very superior enemy forces, principally Germans." In Dobrudja the see-saw of battle continues. The Rumanian force which crossed the Danube was thrown back by an encircling movement which threatened its destruction, announcement to this effect being made in the German bulletin of October 5. On the other hand, it would appear that steady pressure is being brought to bear against von Mackensen's troops all along the line, the Russian and Rumanian bulletins having from day to day recorded small gains.

On the Somme front operations were hindered during the greater part of last week by the weather. On October 7, however, a simultaneous offensive undertaken by the French and British produced considerable gains of territory along a front of some ten miles, stretching from the Albert-Bapaume road to southeast of Bouchavesnes. The village of Le Sars, an important position in the defence of Bapaume, was taken by the British, while the French broke through the German defences on the Morval-Bouchavesnes front at some points to a distance of three-quarters of a mile. Strong German counter-attacks on the following day failed everywhere except north of Les Bœufs, where the British were forced to give up a small portion of their newly captured trenches. In connection with the Somme offensive attention should be called to a remarkably interesting document captured by the British and said to have been written as an army order by Gen. von Arnim. The document was summarized in dispatches in the papers of October 5.

On the eastern front there has been activity along the whole line, but principally in the region of Dvinsk, where the Germans early last week undertook, apparently without tangible result, a heavy offensive, and on the Galician front, where the Russians are still hammering away at the defences of Lemberg. The railway junction of Brzezany has been the focal point of the attacks, and south of that place Teutonic positions have been captured and a crossing of the Zlota Lipa River effected. Renewed activity by the Grand Duke Nicolas's forces in the Sivas region in Armenia has been reported and some minor successes have been won. In Macedonia steady progress appears to have been made by the Allies along the whole front, the Servians in particular having occupied the summit of Dobropolye, a strong frontier barrier blocking the way to Monastir.

There appears to be no improvement in the situation in Greece. The Government of M. Kalogeropoulos resigned on October 4, giving as its reason lack of recognition by the Entente Powers. Various dispatches have credited the King with a willingness to include in the next Cabinet representatives of the party of M. Venizelos, and that statesman with equal willingness to coöperate with the official Government. The aged Dionysios Stephanou was invited to form a Government, but refused on the ground of physical infirmity, and a Reuter dispatch from Athens of October 8 announced that Prof. Spyridon P. Lambros had accepted the task.

We commend to the attention of our readers, particularly of those who are charitably disposed, the digest of Lord Bryce's forthcoming report on the massacres and atrocities perpetrated by the Turkish Government in Armenia, which was published in last Sunday's edition of the New York *Times*.

Considerable excitement was caused last week by the report in banking quarters, responsibility for which has since been avowed by Charles H. Sabin, president of the Guaranty Trust Company, that Ambassador Gerard on his visit to America was charged with a mission from the German Government to obtain the mediation of President Wilson in the war. Vigorous denials of any such purpose in Mr. Gerard's visit were immediately issued from all quarters concerned.

The President on October 5 announced the appointment of the board which is to sit upon the famous eight-hour legislation. Gen. George W. Goethals is Chairman of the Board, and the other two members are Commissioner Edward E. Clark, of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and George Rublee.

The most important event of the week in the Presidential campaign, not forgetting the Republican love-feast at which the Colonel and Mr. Taft exchanged greetings, was Mr. Wilson's address at Omaha on October 5, in which he modified his "too proud to fight" position by asserting that the United States was as ready to fight as any one if it knew what it was fighting for. The point was that the origins of the European war, in the President's view, were obscure. On Saturday of last week, speaking at Shadow Lawn, President Wilson evolved from the fact that Col. Roosevelt supported Robert Bacon for the Republican Senatorial nomination in New York State, and from the fact that Mr. Bacon is pro-Ally in sentiment, the debating point that the election of a Republican Administration would mean involving this country in the European war. On Monday at Philadelphia, Mr. Hughes came out with a vigorous attack on the foreign policy of the Administration as revealed in its negotiations over the Lusitania outrage.

Dispatches from Tokio of October 4 announced that the Emperor had requested Lieut.-Gen. Count Terauchi to form a Cabinet in succession to that of Marquis Okuma. The Emperor's choice of the new Premier marks the victory, for the time being, at least, of the reactionary bureaucratic party in its struggle with the more liberal parties, consolidated by the efforts of Marquis Okuma and Baron Kato, which favor a representative government. As we write, Count Terauchi has not completed the formation of his Cabinet.

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# The Week

Mr. Wilson's selections for the commission to investigate the workings of the Eight-Hour law will not altogether commend themselves to the public. Not that there is anything wrong with the appointees personally. They are men of fine character and excellent public service. The doubt will be as to whether they can be absolutely non-partisan, and whether they adequately represent all the parties at issue—the railways, the public, and the trainmen. Thus Gen. Goethals is already committed to the Eight-Hour law, having established it as president of the Panama Railroad. Mr. Edgar E. Clark, of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the second member, has been Grand Chief Conductor of the Order of Railway Conductors of America. The third member, Mr. George Rublee, is known for radical social views, breadth of vision, and marked legal ability. But he is an appointee of Mr. Wilson's to the Trade Commission, who is deeply in debt to Mr. Wilson for standing by him despite the refusal of the Senate to confirm him. Obviously, there is no one on this Commission who represents the point of view or experience of a professional railway manager, nor of the general public. We sincerely wish that such a life-long student of railway economics as Professor Taussig, of Harvard, or President Hadley, of Yale, could have been added to this Commission to represent impartially the interests of the general public.

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Without mentioning "vacillation," Mr. Wilson really made that his principal point of attack in the Shadow Lawn speech of Saturday. When it comes to decisive action, to a national policy clearly conceived and swiftly executed, is such a course to be expected from the heterogeneous opposition led by Mr. Hughes against Mr. Wilson's policies? It is a reunited but not a united party that the President believes himself to be facing; not a solid host fighting for a single cause, but a league of confederates coöperating for the specific purpose of victory and little else. Is it to be expected that in our European policies there will be no vacillation between the ideals of T. R. or Mr. Bacon and the ideals of La Follette and the Congressmen who voted for the McLemore resolution? In our relations with Mexico will there be no vacillation between the ideals of Senator Fall and the ideals of Senator Cummins? In the matter of railway regulations will there be no uneasy balancing between the Republican minority in the Senate and the Republican minority in the House? On the question of Child Labor will there be perfect cooperation between the Republican Senators from Pennsylvania and the Republican Senators from the Middle West? And in the general conduct of a Hughes Administration may the country expect perfect mechanical functioning from the party of Penrose and Perkins, of Roosevelt and William Barnes, jr., of Raymond Robbins and Murray Crane, of Gifford Pinchot and Reed Smoot? Or does the late Progressivism stand ready to declare that the gap has been absolutely closed and that every one in the reunited party, Penrose, Roosevelt, Crane, Perkins, Barnes, Robins, Oliver, and La Follette, guarantees to the nation perfect unity of action?

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The Republican candidate for United States Senator from Wisconsin does recall, when reminded of the fact, that a man named Charles E. Hughes is running for the Presidency. When Mr. Hughes was in Wisconsin three weeks ago, La Follette was prevented from meeting him by a previous engagement. The Republican candidate for Senator was probably too busy boning up his speeches defending his vote for the Eight-Hour law, the Underwood Tariff bill, and the Seaman's bill. Enemies have unkindly remarked that La Follette is sitting on the fence. But the fence would seem to be situated fifty yards inside Woodrow Wilson's lot. Any other year the case of La Follette would have been cited as an example of how hard it is to be a Republican. This year, on the other hand, it only proves how easy it is to be a Republican. One may approve of the Eight-Hour law, of the Underwood tariff, of the Child Labor law, of the Federal Reserve law, of Wilson's foreign policies, of all Wilson's policies, of Woodrow Wilson himself. Nay, one may even vote for Woodrow Wilson and be a Republican. No other party in history ever offered such liberal inducements to its adherents.

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Being told of Admiral Mayo's explanation of the navy's part in the removal of American citizens from Tampico in April, 1914, Mr. Roosevelt still does not care a rap. Whether responsibility attaches to Secretary Daniels or to Admiral Mayo, it ultimately falls upon President Wilson. Inasmuch as responsibility for everything that has occurred anywhere since March, 1913, ultimately falls upon Mr. Wilson, the result of Mr. Roosevelt's interview might have been foretold. For those who do not set out with the assumption that Wilson must always be wrong, and that, *ergo*, the Tampico incident was a shameful and cowardly betrayal, the facts that will stand out from the Admiral's detailed account are that he acted under no coercion from Washington, but according to his best lights, under approval of his superior, Admiral Fletcher, and with the result that, at a time of bitter anti-American feeling at Tampico, three thousand foreigners were removed without the loss of a single life. Under Mr. Roosevelt's theory the American fleet steamed away and left the Americans at Tampico to their fate. By Admiral Mayo's account, such American vessels as steamed away did so to coöperate in more pressing matters at Vera Cruz at the order of Admiral Fletcher. If the reinforcements from Mayo's squadron had failed to reach Fletcher, what an indictment Messrs. Roosevelt and Reuterdahl could have drawn up against Mr. Wilson!

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The Republican doctors have suspected from the first that there is something wrong about this prosperity which the Wilson Administration has succeeded in foisting on the American public. Only the exact diagnosis has puzzled the doctors. Some, like Mr. Hughes, called it "temporary" prosperity belonging presumably in the class of intermittent diseases, like malaria. Others called it bloated prosperity, of the dropsy class, and worried very much what would happen after the war, when the lean, athletic nations of Europe should tackle an America suffering from fatty degeneration. Now comes Dr. Beveridge, of Indiana, with a new diagnosis. It is spotted prosperity:

> The Administration points to our prosperity. Where is it? In Massachusetts? Yes. In California? No. In Connecticut? Yes. In Oregon? No. In Pennsylvania? Yes. In Washington? No. In the Mississippi Valley? Yes. In the Western Mountain States? No.

A frivolous debater might argue that Mr. Wilson would be quite satisfied to carry Massachusetts, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, and the Mississippi Valley, and let Mr. Hughes have Oregon, Washington, and the Western Mountain States. But that would not be seeing things clearly and seeing them whole. The point is that, while Democratic prosperity only spots the country, Republican prosperity stains the country a rich, uniform purple. Democratic prosperity is epidemic. Republican prosperity is endemic.

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In justice to himself, not only as a candidate but as Charles E. Hughes, can the

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Republican nominee remain silent after the orgy of "Teuto-Celt" spleen at Terrace Garden? A candidate cannot be held responsible for the excesses of every idiot and blatherskite who insists on supporting him. But is there not plainly a point beyond which silence does give consent? As a mere American citizen, Charles E. Hughes must have revolted in every fibre of his being at this saturnalia of muck-throwing with the President of the United States as the target. No anarchist table-thumper ever charged John D. Rockefeller with more heinous crimes than the O'Learyites brought up against Woodrow Wilson. Does Mr. Hughes really believe that "Wilson is staying up nights to think of additional cruelties to wreak upon the Irish people"? It cannot be calculation that keeps Hughes a silent, consenting party to the blatancies of hyphenism; it is not in the character of the man. But if it were calculation, it would be the saddest misreckoning. What Mr. Hughes would gain by a manly repudiation of the hyphenist muck-throwers, as well as what he loses by letting himself be tied up with the O'Learyites, leaps to the eyes.

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Just why the remaining militiamen who have not been at the "front" should now be ordered to the Texas border passes our understanding. The reasons given are that a large guard is still necessary, and that all the units should have a turn at border service. Now, if that border service were of great military value, one could understand the Government's going to the extra expense of moving these troops down to Texas from the District of Columbia, Michigan, and other States just when the whole Mexican flurry seems to be over. But reports of the returning regiments do not bear out the assumption that these troops will get a better military training than they could have in the home camps they are now quitting. For instance, the Seventy-first New York reports that it had no extended-order drills during all the time that it was in Texas. More amazing even than this is the fact that, although the regiment had four or five hundred recruits in it, they were never taught how to load their rifles, much less how to fire them. If our information is correct, not a single shot was fired in practice by this regiment during its absence from New York. How well it was that it did not have to meet an enemy! We presume that critics of the National Guard will blame the Guard officers for this. It is only fair to point out that during this service the various regiments have been absolutely under the control of the War Department. If the Seventy-first did not receive dummy ammunition for the purpose of training its men in the use of their weapons, the blame does not lie wholly at the door of Major-Gen. O'Ryan, but at that of the War Department and the offices superior to Gen. O'Ryan.

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Some days ago, we received a letter about the Maine election the main purport of which is contained in this extract:

> The huge vote reported cast in the Maine election gives food for thought, and many will be justified in the opinion that methods were used that would not bear investigation. That there could be a legitimate increase of upwards of 10 per cent. over the vote of 1912, when Roosevelt aroused the entire country, seems incredible. . . . There is a widespread belief that the special interests have marked President Wilson for destruction, and it is a reasonable deduction that fabulous sums of money have been and are to be used for that purpose. Is the Maine "victory" a forerunner of a deluge of corrupt practices?

The official returns of the Maine election are now in hand, and do not vary materially from the early figures. The vote for Governor was 81,317 Republican, 67,719 Democratic, and about 2,200 (we have not the exact figure) Socialist and Prohibitionist. This makes a total of, say, 151,200, as against 142,100 in the Governorship election of 1912, an increase of 9,100, or 6.4 per cent. The increase of Maine's population in the decade 1900-1910 was 6.9 per cent., which would make 2¾ per cent. in four years. Deducting this from the 6.4 per cent., we have the result that the total vote last month was 3.6 per cent. heavier than in the corresponding election of four years ago, after allowing for increase of population. And, so far from there being less intense interest this year than four years ago, exactly the opposite was the case, since in the Governorship election in 1912 the Republicans and Progressives were merged, so that the chief source of intensity—the struggle for Roosevelt—was eliminated; whereas this year there was an almost unprecedented concentration of interest and effort upon the Maine election.

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Thus it is seen that there is nothing "huge" about the size of the Maine vote last month. The impression that there was something extraordinary about the increase over the vote of 1912 has arisen from two causes. Many people have compared the vote for Governor of this year with the vote for the Presidency of four years ago, which was only 129,637, or about 12,500 less than the Governorship vote; a comparison which is peculiarly indamissible in the case of Maine, where the vote on the Governorship in September is frequently far heavier than the vote on the Presidency in November. In 1908, the Presidential vote fell short of the Gubernatorial vote by the enormous amount of 37,000 votes; and in 1904 the shortage was more than 25,000. The other source of the error we have referred to is the widely prevalent impression that the size of Maine's vote has long been practically stationary; whereas the fact is that the vote on the Governorship, which (in round numbers) was 118,000 in 1900, rose to 130,000 in 1904 and to 142,600 in 1908. It is to be noted, finally, that if, instead of comparing the total of last month with the corresponding figure for 1912, which showed no increase, but a trifling decrease, as against 1908, we made the latter year the basis of comparison, the size of the vote last month would be almost exactly accounted for by the increase of population.

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Berlin announces officially that the fifth Imperial German war loan, which was offered for public subscription September 4 and for which the lists were closed last Thursday, has been a pronounced success. According to the Kaiser's message to the Chancellor, subscriptions reached 10,500,000,000 marks, or $2,625,000,000 American values, as compared with $2,550,000,000 on the fourth war loan of last spring, and $2,681,000,000 for the third loan of August, 1915. The announcement is particularly interesting because of the strong belief which prevailed a week or two ago that subscriptions had fallen so far short of those for the previous loans as to make of this one at least a partial failure. That belief was based, not on predictions of unfriendly markets, but on the attitude of the press and of public men in Germany itself. That the public at large, the "small subscribers" whose number made it possible to assert that the average subscription to the loan of last March was only $450, were not responding on the present occasion, has been openly avowed. The *Kölnische Zeitung* was quoted as saying that the German farmers were staying out, through fear of national bankruptcy. German generals were summoned to urge the people to subscribe; the German Finance Minister publicly declared, with considerable heat, that, contrary to "treasonable remarks," subscription to the loan would not prolong the war.

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How, then, are we to account for the triumphant announcements of actual results? It is a reasonably safe conclusion that the

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void which was threatened by the small investor's unwillingness—a not illogical result of the military situation—has been filled by subscriptions peremptorily demanded from the great financial institutions. That recourse would not of itself be unusual; much the same thing happened with our own Government loans of 1895, when the gold standard was in peril. But Germany has pressed the expedient pretty far. A German writer on the subject estimates that 20 per cent. of the first three war loans, or say $1,200,000,000, came from the German savings banks. But this is something at which outside financial observers have looked very much askance. Savings banks can contribute on such occasions only their new deposits, or the proceeds of investment, previously held but sold to obtain the cash, or the proceeds of loans raised on pledge of such older investments. New savings deposits, though considerable, can scarcely have reached the sum referred to. The German banks, shut off from outside markets, have had no such opportunity as the London banks to sell their previous holdings. If the subscription money has been raised through loans, a very peculiar economic situation will have been created. Rightly or wrongly, suspicion of the extent to which the Imperial loans may have been based on a pyramid of credit, has had much to do with the skepticism of neutral countries over the soundness of German finance.

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Along two-thirds of their battle-line, from the extreme west around Orsova to the headwaters of the Homorod, the Rumanian armies in the Transylvania are in retreat. Only along the eastern section, where they link up with the Russians in Bukowina, are the invaders as yet holding their own. But a continuance of the Teutonic drive along the southern frontier of Transylvania into Rumania would force also the eastern forces to fall back for the defence of Rumanian soil. It is now plain that the recent abortive crossing of the Danube by Rumanian troops was, as Bucharest describes it, a diversion for the purpose of relieving Teutonic pressure in Transylvania. This has not been accomplished. The manœuvre bears the aspect of happy-thought strategy, contrasting strongly with the solidly conceived and persistent plans of the Teutonic leaders. The Rumanian army is now passing through an experience which the war has exemplified before this. No theoretical training, no close study of the lessons of the war, can compensate for the teaching of actual warfare. Against every new enemy Germany brings into the field an army of veterans, and the novice must pay heavily for his first real experiences. This holds true for the leaders, and more so for the morale of the rank and file. To this extent the gain to the Allies of a new combatant on their side is minimized so far as immediate results are concerned. Nevertheless, there is reason to doubt whether even those lessons that can be learned by the bystander were taken to heart at Bucharest. The episode at Tutrakan, where a fortress and an army were left exposed to the heavy Teutonic artillery, with no safeguard for the line of retreat across a great river, was one instance. The swift rush across the Carpathians, without adequate consolidation of positions gained, is a second example of inadequate or over-confident leadership.

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Politics rather than military necessity is probably behind the campaign now waged by Sir Edward Carson and Lord Northcliffe for the extension of conscription to Ireland. The statement by Carson that Ireland can still provide half a million men of military age is absurd. With a population of four and a half millions, Ireland could not furnish more than 450,000 recruits altogether, calculating at the high rate of 10 per cent., a rate which has not been exceeded in any other part of the British Empire. Deducting the troops which Ireland has already supplied, it is not likely that the most intensive recruiting would yield an additional 200,000 men. That is, indeed, a large number, but the question is whether the men could be obtained and whether the resultant discontent would not lock up as large an army of occupation as could be procured from the new drafts. Ireland to-day engages the attention of probably 150,000 British troops. It is rather the sobering effect on public opinion produced by the announcement of more than 300,000 casualties in three months that the anti-Asquith crowd is seeking to capitalize. In the speech by Sir William Robertson, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, the statement, "We have got men" is, to be sure, qualified by the cautious, "I do not say enough." But the whole burden of this speech was that there is no ground for anxiety.

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Last May the number of British recruits was estimated officially at 5,041,000. By this time the number would probably be five millions and a quarter. British casualties since the beginning of the war cannot exceed a million and a quarter, so that there is a reserve of four millions to draw upon. Germany's resources in fighting men have usually been placed between seven and eight millions. German casualties up-to-date must be so near to four millions as to leave just about the same reserve as the British. It is true that the Allies, in order to win, must greatly outnumber the Central Powers. But that is plainly the case to-day. For if Great Britain just about balances Germany, we have France, Russia, Italy, and Rumania to set off against Austria, Bulgaria, and Turkey, which is large odds in favor of the Allies. If, nevertheless, there is a cry of shortage in England, it is part of the policy which has been pursued from the beginning of the war for stimulating recruiting. Kitchener used to call for men by the hundreds of thousands when millions were coming forward. Partly, too, there is the desire to weed out "slackers" for the encouragement of those who have come forward. The whole business of compulsory service was admittedly introduced less for the sake of rounding up an additional couple of hundred thousand men than for the establishment of the principle that every man should be made to do his duty.

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Prediction of radical changes in Japanese policy, based on a change of Cabinet, always leaves out of consideration the stabilizing influence of the Emperor and the Elder Statesmen. Within certain limits the pendulum of party policy in Japan may swing; but the limits of the arc are pretty definite. Ten years ago it was the fashion to suppose that the Elder Statesmen were a fortuitous group of strong men whose passing would mean the demise of extra-parliamentary influence. Actually, the Elder Statesmen are an institution. This is shown by the fact that among the members of this little group who are reported to have advised against Okuma's recommendation of Baron Kato for his successor was Marquis Saionji, himself the creator of the Seyukai or Constitutionalist party which stands, or used to stand, for a thorough parliamentary régime. Age and tradition have brought over the old Liberal leader to the principle of extra-parliamentary government by a small number of men standing above the strife of party. Regarding the new Premier, Terauchi, it is known that he was in favor of army expansion. That need not make him a jingo. It may have represented only the historic conflict in Japanese politics between the pro-army Choshiu clan and the pro-navy Satsuma clan. The new alliance with Russia would certainly enter into the future definition of Japanese policy with reference to armament.

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## RENEWING THE SUBMARINE PERIL.

Regarding certain aspects of the activity of German submarines near our shores, it is our bounden duty to suspend judgment till we know the whole truth. For once, even Mr. Roosevelt is in accord with President Wilson in holding that we must ascertain all the facts before acting. What our Government and people have to consider is, first of all, the law of war at sea and Germany's pledges to the United States to comply with it. Next, we shall have to look closely into the operations off Nantucket, and see if they square with the interpretation of the law of nations as insisted upon by President Wilson and agreed to by the German Government. A statement attributed to the British Embassy at Washington reads: "We have received no word which would indicate that the U-53 has violated any international law. We are at war with Germany, and we must expect attacks upon our commerce-bearing vessels." This is a calm view of the law of the case.

That there is a great deal more in it than mere law, however, must be obvious to all. Even if the commanders of the German submarines in American waters shall be proved to have lived up scrupulously to the prescriptions of international law, the policy which dictated their being sent here is ill-advised and full of peril. The reason is plain. Here is a great danger suddenly showing its head on marine routes where American ships come and go and American commerce has been moving freely. If all the care in the world is taken by submarine officers, a terrible accident may at any moment occur. It is the uncertainty as well as the brutality of undersea boats that arouses apprehension. The operation of ships on the surface is attended by no such difficulty and fear. And Americans cannot be blamed for disliking the thought that these underwater terrors are lurking along our customary and crowded routes of trade. It is already apparent that American feeling is greatly stirred by the bringing of the naval war in this way within sight of our harbors. It may be a lawful thing for Germany to do, but it is surely a foolish thing. And if through mistake or in blind recklessness American property should be unlawfully destroyed or American lives taken, in consequence of the coming of the U-boats, the last remnants of feeling in this country favorable to Germany would be consumed in a blaze of popular wrath, and the relations of the two nations imperilled both now and for a long time to come.

As it stands, there is too much unpleasant reading for Americans in the accounts that come from the scene of submarine operations. Enemy ships are, of course, fair game for the German U-boats. The British do not think of questioning this. If a German vessel now laid up in Hoboken were to make a dash, a British cruiser would have the right to sink her at sea. But not without warning. Not without making ample provision for saving the lives of all non-combatants aboard her. And while the German submarines profess now, in compliance with the demand of the American Government, to conform to the rules of cruiser warfare, it is difficult to do so; and the mere ordering of passengers and crew into small boats, perhaps on a rough ocean and off a perilous coast, may easily prove in practice a refinement of cruelty. Take the case of the passenger steamer Stephano, plying between Halifax and New York. There was occasioned apparently no loss of life by the attack on her, but Americans do not like to read of women and children—many of them their own—forced to risk their lives in open boats. And that our own naval vessels put to sea to rescue the helpless victims whom the Germans left tossing about on the water does not help matters. Yet we suppose that German diplomacy is perfectly capable of pointing to the fact of prompt relief by American destroyers as proof that the German commanders made ample provision for the safety of the passengers!

That the President and the State Department will give the most anxious attention to this new complication, no one need doubt. What the law of nations, as expounded by our Government, permits a submarine commander to do is now clearly established. He may exercise the right of visit and search, as may the captain of a cruiser. He may sink an enemy ship, or a vessel caught with contraband of war, provided that he cannot put a prize crew aboard her, or sail her into port. But he must not take the life of a single non-resisting passenger or member of the crew. Nay, he must not even bring their lives into *jeopardy*. Here lies the great peril and the great folly of the course of the German Government. It is playing with dynamite. It is entrusting the whole future of German-American relations to the discretion, or lack of it, of a naval officer under a terrific strain. And it adds the most ghastly comment possible to the story that it is seeking the good offices of the United States to bring about mediation and peace in Europe.

## THE END OF THE WAR, AND AFTER.

But the talk we now hear about starting after peace has been concluded a new war of trade to follow the war of arms has immense capacities for mischief. Such a trade war would prolong, would embitter afresh, those hatreds that ought to be allowed to die, and it assumes a continuance of those very things from which we expect our victory to deliver us once for all.

If these words of Lord Bryce represented merely the attitude of a small group of exceptionally high-minded men, in whom the ideals of a former generation survived, they would offer small basis for practical comfort. However impressive and convincing the protest of such a group might be, it could not avail against a settled determination of the country. But we are confident that Bryce's voice is but one of the first of what will in time make a loud and swelling chorus. Another passage in his speech, though not relating to the question of trade wars, is highly significant in this respect. Many men in Great Britain, he said, have been anxiously considering the subject of the prevention of future wars, and schemes have been formed for the creation of an international league of peace; but, he adds, "we have thought it best not to give publicity to these schemes so long as the national mind is so much absorbed with the conduct of the war as to be unable to give due consideration to them." And precisely the same thing is true, even if not in the same degree, of opposition to the policy of economic war after the war. Those who are opposed to that policy are aware that the nation in its present mood is "unable to give due consideration" to appeals founded on reason alone. The paucity thus far of indications of dissent is no proof that they will not be powerfully manifested when the question becomes the foremost issue before the nation.

It must be remembered, moreover, that the body of individual and journalistic opinion that may be expected gradually to marshal itself in opposition to the division of Europe into two sets of economically hostile nations will have behind it two great forces which have their lodgment in the minds and hearts of the mass of the British people. One of these, the instinct of humanity, uprightness, and fair play, has already found striking expression in the ringing words of the president of the British Trades Union Congress, spurning for the workingmen of Britain the attitude of those who, "some from sordid motives, others from a desire for revenge," look forward exultantly to "trade wars and tariff wars." "We are not going to let it be supposed," he declared,

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"that we countenanced our entry into this terrible war for the purpose of capturing German trade," and the declaration was enthusiastically applauded. Here is a moral force to whose potentialities no limit can be assigned; what it is capable of was magnificently demonstrated by the workers in the English mills under the strain of the cotton famine in our Civil War. And the other force that will have to be dealt with by the mediævalists is the deep-seated sentiment for free trade; a sentiment which has again and again astonished its enemies by its power of resistance to every form of attack.

It is not only upon the condition of the world after the war, but also upon the possibility of bringing the war to a comparatively early end, that Lord Bryce's speech and several recent communications concerning German trade and industry have a most important bearing. No mistake is more profound than that of imagining that the duration of the war will be determined wholly by military events, or even by these together with the physical conditions brought about by the blockade. Whether the war will be fought to the point of absolute exhaustion, whether it will be kept up by Germany long after her ultimate overthrow has been made absolutely certain, will depend above all on the nature of the conditions which she will have to face when she abandons the conflict. We have never for a moment believed that Germans will show, any more than any other nation would show, a blind determination to fight "to the last man"; but she will be nerved, just as any other nation would be nerved, to desperate disregard of appalling sacrifice by the contemplation of peace terms too bitter to be borne. The terms, evidently, will be bitter enough at best; it would be monstrous to fill the cup to overflowing by declaring that submission will mean not only curtailment of military power, not only loss of territory and the payment of more or less heavy indemnities, but also exclusion from the ordinary benefits of international intercourse in time of peace. No better way could be found for intensifying the determination of the German people to fight to the end; and that would mean unspeakable and needless sacrifice not only to Germany, but to England and France and all the Allies.

It is true that, in some sense, the Entente Powers, at the conference in Paris some months ago, committed themselves to the policy of economic war after the war. But in the first place the programme outlined was by no means definite; and secondly, it is perfectly possible to regard that programme as a threat rather than as a fixed purpose. When the time for discussion of peace terms arrives, this part of the terms will be fully as open to discussion as any other; and when that time comes, the influence of reasonable men on both sides—in Germany as well as in England and France—will make itself powerfully felt. Reports keep coming from Germany of the intentness of the business world on the industrial and commercial problems of the future; and these people are not thinking of such matters for the pleasure of occupying their minds. They are tired of the war, and they want to get back to business. They are loyal and patriotic Germans, no doubt; but when the question comes up of continuing hopelessly to pour out rivers of German blood and to waste the fruits of generations of German thrift, they will throw their weight into the scale for peace—provided peace is not made too forbidding to contemplate. And when they declare for a cessation of war by Germany in the field provided that does not usher in an era of war against Germany by trade discriminations and boycotts, we may be quite sure that among the great bankers and business men of England and France many a potent voice will be raised in support of them—in favor of a policy that will help to bring to an end the unthinkable agonies and losses of the war and to prevent the recurrence of so stupendous a calamity.

## *PRIMARIES AND ISSUES.*

Until recently advocates and opponents of the direct primary seldom thought of it except as a piece of nominating machinery. The synonym for direct primary is direct nominations. It was a weapon against the boss, because it would bring up for election men free from boss control. It was not a weapon against the boss, because the boss could manipulate the primary to select the men he wanted. The question of issues and programmes was secondary. It was assumed, of course, that a fit candidate would naturally stand for policies directed to the public welfare and a machine-made candidate would sacrifice public welfare to party and personal considerations. Thus in New York the framing of the party platform was left to the informal conferences of party leaders. It was for the voters in the primary to see that good Democrats or good Republicans were nominated, and not bad Democrats and bad Republicans. But the policies to which the nominees were supposed to be committed would still be the same for the good candidate and for the bad. This was illustrated on a national scale in the Republican break-up of 1912. The frustration by the bosses of the will of the people which drove Roosevelt into secession consisted, by Roosevelt's own account, in frustrating the people's choice of a candidate for the Presidency. Only after the event did it develop that the Republican bosses, by rejecting Roosevelt, had rejected the gospel of social justice. The anti-boss creed was formulated when Roosevelt the anti-boss candidate needed a platform to stand on.

Latterly, however, the direct primary has loomed up as a testing-machine, not for personalities, but for principles. In New York a candidate for the Republican nomination for United States Senator made his campaign on the far-reaching issue whether the United States should have a more aggressive foreign policy. Mr. Bacon was beaten; possibly he was beaten on some other ground than the one he selected. It is significant, nevertheless, that he should have picked out that ground. In New Jersey hyphenism was brought into play in both parties. Again the Republican candidate for the Senatorship nomination who was professedly anti-German was defeated by the man whom the German-Americans favored. It was the same with the Gubernatorial aspirants. It was the same with the Democratic candidate for the United States Senatorship. What happened, therefore, was that men no longer went to the primaries to select the best Republicans and the best Democrats on the assumption that, once chosen, they would support a preëstablished Democratic or Republican policy. People voted in the primaries to determine what Democratic and Republican policy should be. With no exaggerated respect for the political wisdom of the editor of the *Fatherland*, we do think that he deals with very important possibilities in the lesson he draws from the two State primaries:

> They [the German-Americans] have realized that a vote in the primaries is worth ten at the polls. . . . The German-Americans acting as a vigilance committee should vote for the best man, irrespective of party. If they keep this in mind they will be a permanent force for good in the community. Their votes, distributed in both parties, can defeat any man in the primaries and at the polls who fails to put America first.

Put aside the unconscious humor of the last phrase, and there is a truth here which holds just as good for the anti-German-American. He, too, is no longer restricted to a single choice—often a hard one—on election day. It is within his power on primary day so to shape party sentiment and programme

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from within as to make his final task in November much easier.

Nor can there be any question that the direct primary, used as a vehicle for selecting policies as well as men, may be made to operate with an effectiveness which the final election in November does not always offer. It must be a tremendous issue indeed which on election day will wrench a man from his historic party connections. The pull of habit, traditions, ancient sympathies, will too frequently overcome the dictates of judgment. Nor is it altogether a question of surrendering reason to feeling. Often reason steps in to ask whether it is not the better thing to bear with one's party when it sins for once, in memory of the past and in hope of future regeneration. There are times, to be sure, when men find it impossible to say "Yes." It was so in 1884 and again in 1896. Yet at all times the process is painful and beyond the power of a great many. But none of these factors enter to prevent a man's fighting within his own party for the things he believes in. It is a principle of human nature that a Republican will reject on election day a Democratic policy because it is a Democratic policy, while he will stand up for that policy in a Republican primary where he can fight without ceasing to be a Republican. In the final Presidential campaign party lines are shaped by tradition, nation-wide exigencies, and all kinds of strategic considerations. The New Jersey voter accepts from his party on Election Day issues which he does not like, but which are demanded by the situation in Ohio. The Ohio voter subscribes to policies shaped by conditions in New York. But in his own State primary the voter is relieved from such considerations. Election strategy weighs less upon him. He acts more as a citizen and less as part of a great machine.

In particular, the primary can rid Presidential campaigns of their assumed character as a contest between the forces of light and darkness, between patriots and traitors, between statesmen and incompetents. The primary can help to put the Presidential contest in its true light as a difference of opinion between two parties of fairly the same amount of intelligence, honesty, and patriotism. When a large number of Republicans in primary have declared for Democratic policy in Mexico the Republican spellbinders cannot so effectively cite that particular policy as evidence of Democratic iniquity. When a Democratic primary has given utterance to Republican views on the Trusts, the Democratic orators cannot so convincingly point to the alliance between the Republicans and Wall Street. When in Democratic and Republican primaries alike the German-American voter has made himself felt, neither party is in a position to pretend to have a monopoly of the pure Americanism.

## *MONEY AND COLLEGE ATHLETICS.*

The report of the committee appointed last autumn to have charge of Yale's athletics for the present year, and also to propose a new Athletic Constitution, is nothing short of sensational. This is not because any facts, hitherto concealed, are disclosed. On the contrary, the quiet remark that "the budget for Yale football coaching for one year, alone, is considerable, and this money is expended in the employment of a small number of men for the period of but a few weeks out of the year," would hardly prepare one ignorant of the figures for the information that Yale's expense for coaching in football last season amounted to more than $12,000. The point upon which the report bears down is "the continually increasing competition for supremacy among rival universities, as exemplified in the employment of expensive staffs of coaches." It cites no statistics, but the published balance-sheets of other university athletic associations show sums of the same magnitude for coaching as that spent at New Haven. Princeton gives her coaches in all forms of sport 40 per cent. of the total receipts, which are about $50,000, and Harvard is not niggardly with Haughton. The report does say, however, that "the intensity of this rivalry, if unchecked, may so increase as to make intercollegiate athletics an unprofitable scramble for the raising of large sums of money for the payment of the disproportionate salaries demanded by expert coaches."

The sensational features of the committee's statement are the suggestions that salaries to coaches be stopped and that it may prove to be best for Yale to abandon intercollegiate contests altogether. Here are the words of the report:

> It may be urged that Yale cannot forego such advantages unless her rivals follow her example, but present practices must, it would seem, lead to still greater lengths of extravagance and absurdity. For this reason it has been felt by your committee that ultimately the suggestion must be seriously considered that in time all payment of salaries to coaches for Yale athletics should cease, and that unless Yale can, from her own resources, graduate and undergraduate, develop her teams without such artificial stimulants, so that she can reasonably compete with her rivals, it would be best to eliminate intercollegiate athletics altogether until the dawn of an era of reasonableness in such things.

The committee is not unaware that, in the present state of Yale prestige on the athletic field, the cry of "sorehead" might be raised, but it is too deeply in earnest to be affected by such consequences. "It might come with poor grace from Yale at this time to urge upon others this course of action," the committee notes. "None the less, it may not be amiss even at this time to close this report with a reference to a matter which may sooner or later require definite decision."

One is reminded of the famous motion, "The power of the Crown has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished." Yet the report of the Yale committee presents no novel ideas. It is startling merely because it says what many persons are thinking. A note of boldness is introduced in the hint that Yale might try reform alone if she cannot get others to reform with her. It is safe to say that any university of Yale's position in intercollegiate athletics, no matter whether just now she is winning or losing, would compel reform everywhere by such a stand. The committee scores heavily in its final sentences, when it says: "It is our belief that many of the perplexing and disagreeable problems of eligibility take their origin from this multiplication of expensive coaching staffs, and extravagant paraphernalia. It is impossible to devise or fully enforce eligibility rules which will cover all cases of so-called professionalism, unless there is a high spirit of honor among the candidates for teams." No dry-as-dust academician could make a more stinging indictment of the policy which our greatest universities are following in this matter than do the three men composing this committee, the chairman of which is Professor Corwin, captain of the Yale football team in 1888, while another member is Mr. George Parmly Day, treasurer of the University.

As a first step in the right direction, the committee makes a suggestion that recalls a recommendation in a far different but equally foolish rivalry. It is that there be a limitation, not of armaments, but of expenditures. The whole tone of the report is constructive. To many alumni it will seem a radical report, but it is dealing with a radically wrong condition. Its immediate effect ought to be to vocalize the best Yale sentiment in a demand for a reversal of the existing policy in athletics. But the effect should not be allowed to stop with Yale. It should hearten those in all universities, and colleges too, who have risked unpopularity

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and classing with the old fogies by protesting against the steadily swelling expenditures for coaching, with the consequent concentration of attention upon the winning, at almost any cost, of a few big games. The university which is generally regarded as in a peculiar way the centre of intercollegiate athletics has, very properly, been the one to call a halt upon the present tendency.

## *BOOKS THAT PASS.*

Benjamin Kidd, who died in England last week, was not an old man, yet he had long outlived his own fame. The publication of his "Social Evolution," in 1894, not merely made him one of the best sellers of the time, but gave him an extraordinary vogue as a philosophic writer. To listen to some of the raptures of that day, you would have thought that he had outdone Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, and Wallace all together. Here was not the case of a work of imagination, like "Looking Backward," which necessarily fades as the years slip by. Kidd was hailed as an original thinker. His book was expected to influence thought profoundly for years to come. Yet it was soon neglected, and now may be said to have been entirely forgotten, except as something like a curiosity of literature.

No one who looked carefully at "Social Evolution," even during the first months of its existence, when the book was all the rage, could have failed to see that it contained the seeds of death. These lay partly in externals. There was no marked antiseptic of style to keep the volume from slow decay. Mr. Kidd was an eminently respectable writer, with language adequate to his matter, but there was no brilliancy or compelling appeal in the mere form of his pages. Going deeper, there was no glow of passion in his volume. There was not in it the evidence of fanatic devotion to a great cause or life-and-death principle. All was restraint and moderation. They were well. They were in good taste. But good taste alone can never be a life-preserver for a book flung upon the stormy seas. Mr. Kidd was sufficiently in earnest about social reforms, but he had little of the deep impulse of Rousseau, the pent-up emotion of Karl Marx, or the logic all on fire of Henry George. However sound he may have been, he was without the qualities that carry far.

Even wanting these, a writer may produce a book of which the world will continue to think that its reading is indispensable. But to do this, without a style or passion time-defying, he has to do something that Benjamin Kidd could not or did not do. He has to add to the stock of human knowledge. He has to saturate himself in facts; master and coördinate details that had escaped others; and prove that unresting industry and patient observation continued through many years can make good deficiencies of genius. But there was nothing of this in "Social Evolution." It struck the attentive reader as merely the product of Mr. Kidd's leisure hours—as, indeed, it was. He was compelled to earn his living, and simply wrote out the thoughts—often they wore, inevitably, the air of happy thoughts—which came to him in his unoccupied moments. These were not at all despicable; they were frequently of a highly suggestive order, well meriting attention. But they were, after all, ideas "thrown out," as it were, and not the product of either prolonged study of what others had written or intense wrestling of the spirit. The chief difficulty with "Social Evolution" was that its author had not the intellectual preparation necessary to make a book that would live. And Mr. Kidd's book long ago died.

It would be almost cruel now to reprint what was said of it at the time of its extravagant reception. Sober critics and theologians not a few treated it as if the work were more epoch-making than the "Origin of Species." One reason was plain. Mr. Kidd gave a religious tinge to his scientific speculations. His view was that there was no hope of the orderly ongoing of society unless some form of extra-rational sanction for human activities were to be supplied, and supernatural religion was to supply it. This plainly accounted for the acclaim with which "Social Evolution" was welcomed in quarters where "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" and Balfour's "Foundations of Belief" were hailed with similar enthusiasm. A judicious mixture of scientific terminology with defences of the old faiths is certain to be crowned with fadeless laurel in theological essays and sermons. This was really unfair to Mr. Kidd. He made no pretensions to literary immortality. Doubtless he was surprised to wake up and find that his little book had made him famous. He may have been embarrassed by the excessive laudation showered upon him. The fault was not his, but that of those who so absurdly exaggerated his merits. And if any moral at all is to be drawn from the oblivion which has overtaken what was described as his world-shaking book, it is that it is always dangerous to join the crowd that exclaims every year over some literary thunderbolt cleaving the tough earth asunder.

# Foreign Correspondence

## AN APPEAL TO THE NEUTRALS.

By A. J. BARNOUW.

THE HAGUE, August 31.

A Dutchman who were to leave his country for a trip round the globe, travelling all the time along the same parallel, would not set foot on neutral ground again until he returned to his native land. To be the only spot, on that latitude, where peace still reigns is a sad distinction for the Kingdom of Holland, a distinction to be proud of in the eyes of pacifists, who form a large majority among the Dutch, but a cause of regret and shame to those few extremists who hold that Holland should have stood by her sister state, Belgium, in her hour of trial. If she had done so, she would certainly have chosen the more chivalrous and glorious part, but to small avail either to Belgium or to herself. She would probably have shared her sister's fate, and Europe would have lost another stronghold, priceless, though small, of democracy and liberalism against the reactionary powers of Prussian militarism and Central-European junkerdom. But this official neutrality leaves a wide scope to the expression of individual feeling. What we are too weak to oppose by physical force we can try to overcome by summoning the forces of public opinion.

One hundred and forty-seven Dutchmen, belonging to various walks of life, scholars, artists, jurists, teachers, engineers, manufacturers, business men, journalists, have addressed an appeal to the neutrals on behalf of that country, which is the only one so far that has been openly and formally threatened with the permanent loss of its independence. "It is possible," the appeal admits, "perhaps even probable, that Austria-Hungary and Bulgaria have entertained designs against the independence of Servia and Montenegro, and steps must be taken to oppose this as soon as it appears to be the case. But only the German Chancellor and the Reichstag have revealed that they are planning such an attack on the national independence of Belgium." The appeal then quotes the words which, on December 9, 1915, were spoken by the Chancellor in the Reichstag: "I cannot tell you what guarantees the Imperial Government will demand as regards Belgium, and what basis of power it thinks necessary for such guarantees. One thing our enemies must recognize, namely: the longer and the more bitterly they wage war, the greater will be the necessary guarantees." And he also said, even more explicitly: "It is admitted that England and France regarded Belgium as their point of attack against us. We must protect ourselves politically, militarily, and economically against this. Whatever is necessary for this must be obtained." All neutrals will do well to realize the meaning of these words. Politically—that means, in the words of the appeal, "that the independence of Belgium will not remain unimpaired. Militarily—that indicated an extension of territory which most probably includes the line of the Maas, and thus cuts off a third or fourth part of the country and a fifth or sixth part of its popu-

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lation. Economically—what can that mean but German supremacy over Belgium's sources of prosperity, in particular over its foreign trade and marine traffic?"

"Think, you neutrals," the appeal goes on, "you who are in the full enjoyment of your freedom and control of your own destiny, of the case of Belgium. Consider what it means to be in the hands of an alien Power, which is fighting in your own country against your own country's children, and to know that, if the alien is not overcome, your independence is lost. On February 14, 1916, the Powers of the Entente declared that they would not conclude any peace by which the independence of Belgium was not fully restored, both politically and economically. That is *their* answer to Germany's demands. But beside it must be placed an answer by the neutrals. No one can say with certainty what the outcome of this war will be. But this, at least, must be clearly established in the eyes of the whole world: that the deprivation of any state whatever of its independence must be regarded as a crime and as a source of further wars. In our opinion it is necessary that this principle should now be stated as the expressed demand of all neutral nations. It is necessary in order that they who intend an attack on a small neighbor may be less inclined to make it if they realize that this attack cannot be made with impunity; it is necessary also to strengthen the hands of those in Germany, who abhor a policy of annexation. The public opinion of the world possesses means of making itself effective, not military, but moral and economic, and this opinion can now only be expressed by the voices of neutrals. These have the right, the duty, and the power to place themselves upon the seat of justice whenever the highest interests of mankind are at stake. They can refuse to maintain relations with a state that declares in advance that it will use a small neighbor for the payment of the score when the settling day arrives. We call upon all neutral nations to utter this warning. We address ourselves to the three Scandinavian Kingdoms, to the Republic of Switzerland, and to Spain, and to all American Republics, great and small. May all who are in agreement with us unite in supporting this appeal to their compatriots. In mutual council we will then find the means to instigate our governments to maintain the rights and the freedom of all peoples."

Heinrich von Treitschke, whose teachings have trained the German mind to despise small nationalities as superfluous nonentities in the political organism of the world, gave expression to his contempt of the Dutch in this sweeping assertion: "The once courageous race of Holland have deteriorated physically, as well as morally, by becoming mere money-grubbers. That is the Nemesis of a people which spends itself entirely in social life and loses the sense of its political greatness." Political greatness we certainly cannot claim, at any rate not in the sense of von Treitschke, to whom "war is politics κατ' ἐξοχήν" and political greatness, consequently, success in the conduct of war. But it is not true that a preponderance of the social over the political attitude of mind has robbed the Hollander of all idealism. Though politically unfit inasmuch as a "frischer, fröhlicher Krieg" is a horror to him, he is not indifferent to the question whether right and national freedom or injustice and lust of conquest will be victorious. The hundred and forty-seven who signed the appeal gave eloquent expression to this feeling, which is uppermost in the minds of the thinking majority of the Dutch. But unless it find a powerful echo among the democracy of the American Republics, their voice will be the voice of one crying in the wilderness.

## RAYMOND ASQUITH.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

WESTMINSTER, September 25.

Not since news was flashed from the trenches that the grandson of Gladstone had been shot by a sniper has the country been so deeply stirred by an episode in the war as by the killing of the Prime Minister's eldest son. Raymond Asquith was an unfamiliar figure in the public eye. Inheriting the unpretentious retiring disposition of his mother —Mr. Asquith's first wife, who did not live long enough to share the blaze of prosperity and popularity into which her husband later strode—he instinctively shrank from anything like competition with his father. Yet by strange coincidence, when at their common university, he closely emulated his father's triumphs. Both won the Craven scholarship. Both gained first-class honors in Literæ Humaniores. Both were president of the Union Society, and both were elected fellows of All Souls. The son's record is indeed more brilliant than the father's, since he also won the Ireland and the Derby scholarships, and was within one of carrying off the Hertford.

Admitted to the bar twelve years ago, Raymond speedily made his mark, establishing a position that laid the foundation for the highest attainment. Up to the time of his leaving home for his last journey, he had not entered the political arena, declining various tempting offers of Parliamentary seats. But his appearance in the House of Commons was inevitable. Quite recently he submitted to adoption as Liberal candidate for Derby. Like many another gifted young Englishman, he, at the call to arms, abandoned the ease of home life and the glowing prospects of professional advancement and went out to the front. As eldest son of the Prime Minister, it would have been easy for him to obtain a safe and snug position on the Staff. He was, indeed, seconded for Staff duties, but preferred to take his turn in the trenches. Leading his men in one of the magnificent advances that have marked the battle of the Somme, he fell, mortally wounded.

By chance, I have during the past forty years heard the maiden speech in the House of Commons of many inheritors of great Parliamentary names. Among them were Herbert Gladstone, now a viscount; Stafford Northcote, also raised to the peerage, who, after brief experience, retired from the political arena; Coningsby Disraeli, Willie Bright, the present Duke of Devonshire, some time a member of the House of Commons, where his uncle sat as Lord Hartington; Lord Cranborne, son and successor of the Marquis of Salisbury; his brothers, Lord Hugh and Lord Robert Cecil, and, more brilliant of the twain, unaccountably retired in the background, while his brother has steadily advanced to Cabinet rank, and Winston Churchill, worthy son of a brilliant father.

The appearance on the scene of Herbert Gladstone and Sir Stafford Northcote's eldest son was marked by a singularly happy circumstance. It was arranged that they should follow each other in debate. Among the crowded audience sat, attentive, their respective fathers, who, rising in due order, with gracious courtesy, extolled the efforts of the new members, Gladstone extolling Stafford Northcote's son, Northcote perceiving in Herbert Gladstone's speech promise of perpetuation of family renown. I regret to say that the maiden speech of the fourth Marquis of Salisbury made so little impression that I do not recall it. He chiefly lives in the House of Common's memory by reason of an answer to a question put to him. In accordance with family arrangements familiar at Hatfield, while his father filled the office of Foreign Secretary, the son enjoyed the modest salary and the important position of representative of the Foreign Office in the Commons. At a critical period he was asked whether effort had been made to secure a treaty with Japan. "Great Britain does not ask for treaties," haughtily replied the Under Secretary, "she grants them."

This amazing indiscretion led to a motion for the adjournment of the House and an angry debate. It also tardily convinced Lord Salisbury that his son was not in his right place at the Foreign Office, and in the course of the session he was promoted to safer quarters as Lord Privy Seal. After this long, perhaps unique, experience I had looked forward with especial interest to the maiden speech of Raymond Asquith, a speech that will never be spoken.

# Notes from the Capital

HENRY WATTERSON.

Two prominent Democrats who were much in evidence four years ago seem more inclined to play the part of Br'er Rabbit in the present national campaign. George Harvey, from all accounts, is having a very good time as a spectator of the passing show, letting Mrs. Harvey do the political work for the family, though in opposition to his prime favorite of 1912, Woodrow Wilson. Henry Watterson, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, while not opposing Wilson, explains his lack of effervescence by saying that "a man might wish to vote for another without being willing to sleep with him." Possibly the President, who has somewhat a fancy for playing a lone hand, is satisfied with Watterson's position, but he might have many a worse bedfellow; for, in spite of certain eccentricities over which his contemporaries chuckle now and then, he is a man of character and experience, a brilliant writer, and famed as a hater of humbugs in politics. He used to go to all the Democratic National Conventions, and it was a rare occasion when he was not captured by the Committee on Resolutions and induced to prepare at least an important part of the platform. Hence he was credited, for several years after the Convention of 1880, which nominated Hancock, with the authorship of its demand for a "tariff for revenue only," which became a party watchword; but he modestly disclaimed the honor, having actually opposed the use of

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the phrase till out-voted, not because he lacked sympathy with the principle it embodied, but because as an experienced forecaster he apprehended the use the Republicans could make of that particular language at that particular juncture. I never heard of his denying the paternity, however, of "the star-eyed Goddess of Reform," which for a time was almost as famous.

Watterson is less frequently seen on the lyceum stage now than when he was younger. At the time when he was most in demand, he used to suffer tortures from nervousness on facing an audience; but before he had proceeded far he would have every soul in the hall in touch with him, and could move them as he chose, to laughter, to enthusiasm, or to tears. Looking at him then, with his unimpressive stature, his stocky build, his short arms, his near-sighted eyes almost hidden beneath aggressive brows, you found yourself wondering whence all his reputed power could come. It was not till he got into full action that you realized that, in oratory as in journalism, the secret of his success lay in—temperament. Yes; and watching him, with his great shock of tawny gray hair rising as he swung his head and falling haphazard, his heavy moustache taking a rhythmic motion as his lips brought out word after word clean-cut and forceful, and his arms, not often called into play for gesture, but circling about him like spokes in a horizontal mill-wheel when they were: of what were you constantly kept reminded by association? Not of a delver at an editorial desk, or of a popular leader on a political rostrum, but of an artist at the piano! And this was no illusion, for Watterson began life as a musician. He studied under the best masters in Paris, and was expecting to go upon the stage, when an accident to one of his thumbs put a summary end to this ambition. His closest companions for several years were professional musicians, Gottschalk and the Patti family being among them. His first essays in serious journalism were musical criticisms, and he can give you to-day as perfectly finished an article on the opera as on the news from the partisan battle-front.

It is one of the most interesting facts about Watterson that, though a hard fighter in his newspaper for any cause he has espoused, he contrives to carry on his warfare against what certain men stand for, without sacrificing the good-will of the men themselves. In any circle of mature Republicans, for instance, the mention of this life-long Democrat will call forth almost as cordial expressions as would be lavished upon a prominent member of their own party. No one can forget how in the midst of a hostile environment, the courageous editor fought the battles of the enfranchised negroes against the white element who were denying them even decent recognition of their human claims. His great idol and exemplar in public life was Abraham Lincoln, and his chief mentor in journalism was Horace Greeley. And all this was true in spite of his having passed a part of the Civil War period in the Confederate army as a chief of scouts, and another part editing the Chattanooga *Rebel*.

His contempt for political pretenders was illustrated in a series of articles which did much towards snuffing out the aspirations of David B. Hill as a Presidency-chaser; and, when Bryan was nominated in 1896, he packed his trunk and sailed for Europe, leaving word for his partner to encourage the launching of another ticket, hopeless as it might be of victory, and then "letting the fools and the frauds have it out between themselves." He had already, in the autumn of 1895, predicted with some certainty what was coming, and addressed a bit of homely editorial advice to the little gang of cheap Democratic politicians who, for their own profit, were playing upon the ignorance of their mob-following by advocating the debasement of the currency: "They laugh best who laugh last. 'Free silver' may be a good dog, but 'I told you so' is a better. Heed it, you jabberwocks, heed it! The tail may wag the dog in Persia and India and China and Mexico and Peru, but it never has done it in these United States and it never will. Run, you jabberwocks, run!"

The jabberwocks scoffed at his advice, and their party went out of power for sixteen long years as a consequence. They discovered too late that Watterson as an interpreter of omens was not a person to be lightly ignored.

TATTLER.

# Naturalism and Fiction

## ARTHUR SCHNITZLER.*

By PHILO M. BUCK, JR.

Wir wissen es beide, das der Tod ein bittres Ding ist, und Tugend nur ein leres Wort, und das man nichts versäumen soll.—"Frau Beate und ihr Sohn."

### I.

The call to enjoy this fleeting life while we have it is no new thing in literature. Catullus, in one of the most exquisite short lyrics ever written, has summarized the whole palpitating eagerness of the transient soul to suck its fill of earthly sweetness before the shadows close and darken the senses.

> *Soles occidere et redire possunt:*
> Nobis cum semel occidit brevis lux,
> Nox est perpetua una dormienda.
> Da mihi basia mille, deinde centum.

The thought that life is short, and that we must so live as to get the greatest pleasure while it lasts, the Horatian *carpe diem*, the Biblical "Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die," is the theme of much modern fiction, especially in Europe. It seems to be the only possible formula for the restless urge of sheer activity that in one form or other motivates the work of most of the followers of naturalism. And it is this same will to pleasure that lies at the heart of nearly all the fiction of Arthur Schnitzler.† The significant thing about his work is the direction his characters take in their search for pure diversion.

The quest is never an easy one. "Und plötzlich fiel ihr ein, dass es ja solche gesetzlose Welten gab." Frau Beate, in the latest of Schnitzler's novels, suddenly wakens from a complacent widowhood to discover that life is essentially lawless. She again feels the lure of love, and at the same time recognizes from afar the creeping melancholy of age. She feels the seductiveness of her beauty and the call of her blood for eternal youth. Yet against all this is the urge of tradition, of convention, of her family-centred widowhood, and even of a selfish distaste for the turmoil of passion, so that even her feelings are in a state of anarchy. On the one side is the passionate call of the body; on the other a repugnance again to take up the tangled skein of life. "But once again to experience happiness or desire, once again to centre her life in a man, on such a possibility she was unable to dwell to-day without aversion—yes, without a shudder; and this shudder, she had felt it already for many a sleepless, lonely night, shook her the more mightily, as vague impulses murmured in her blood and pined away in their aimlessness."

It is this essential conflict between the passionless life of pure convention and propriety, and the lawless life of sheer passion, that gives us the clue to nearly all the situations in the lives of Schnitzler's characters. And the scales are always weighted on the side of passion. The *bürgerliche* ideal, the ideal of conventional propriety, is the one thing such characters as have their eyes opened especially struggle against, for it holds out no compensation against the day when creeping death shall at last snare its victim.

But the conflict between the joy of life and the inevitableness of death, and the hugger-mugger haste of the victim to crowd as much passion into the interim as will for a time bring forgetfulness of the impending smash, have in them something of the hysterical and the childish. There is none of the generous resignation of Walter Savage Landor, who tempered his Epicureanism with a Stoic steadfastness:

> Nature I loved, and after nature art.
> I warmed both hands before the fire of life,
> It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

Schnitzler's characters are thrown into a lawless world, rendered more lawless by the conflict of their passions; at the end of the troubled vista they see death, and they struggle aimlessly and fitfully to forget.

### II.

Though Arthur Schnitzler is now well past his fiftieth year, many critics still profess to see in his novels as well as in his plays the signs of youth. It is true that, with the exception of a few, the more intimate characters in "Der Weg ins Freie," his most ambitious novel, are all young people, and those whom he has called middle-aged or even elderly act and protest they feel like their youthful companions. The poet Heinrich Bermann, for example, may be anywhere between twenty-five and fifty; but he acts and speaks like a very young and clever sopohomore who has caught a *Weltschmerz* and thinks it a *Weltanschauung*. With only a very few and notable exceptions, like

*"Sterben" '95, "Die Frau des Weisen" '98, "Frau Bertha Garlan" '01, "Leutnant Gustl" '01, "Der Weg ins Freie" '08, "Frau Beate und ihr Sohn" '13.

†For a good summary and analysis of the plots of Schnitzler's novels and plays, see the article on Arthur Schnitzler, by Prof. P. H. Grummann, in "Poet Lore," 1912.

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Doctor Stauber, his older characters are already infected with the passionate search for joy in life, and look forward with dread to senile decay. In his other stories their situation is still worse. The strength of mature manhood, the outlook on life that comes with long experience and study, the wisdom that led the Greeks and Latins to revere old age and assign it first place in counsel, all this we look for in vain. His characters strike one at first as drawn by a precocious but distorted youth, who has the modern lack of reverence that should go out to gray hairs. And like the youth, Schnitzler seems to put the goal of life in sheer, enthusiastic action, in the spirit of adventure, in a convulsive effort to remain "immer jung" and to keep the passions at white heat. His characters are ever in a desperate gamble, with the stakes always death.

But there is in him none of the generous idealism of youth. His characters nurse no illusions, except the greatest that there are none. They have long since given up the faculty of being surprised at anything. They live in a world of pure matter-of-fact, where every thought, every emotion, every concern of theirs, every relation they may form, is valuable only as it contributes to their own, self-centred *joie de vivre*. One could forgive them if they had some positive goal for their restless self-seeking, if they were even sordidly selfish, if they could assign to their lives some definite object, like accumulating wealth, marrying a rich widow, buying an automobile, or seeking the bubble reputation, or any of the other solid though unworthy ideals we see in some current fiction. But they are far too cunning, and know that happiness is not to be found in any mere material object. They know the emptiness for joy of the thousand and one things that most people strive after; and yet, like the fly enmeshed in a web, they continue to strive blindly and obstinately. Unable to harbor an ideal, they spurn at all ideals; without a generous impulse themselves, they scoff at all generous impulses; having no illusions themselves, they brand as philistines and *bürgerliche Leute* all who cherish ideals.

The situations in which these characters find themselves are not very different from those in Huysman's novels. To seek a temporary forgetfulness the Belgian author drags his characters through the Black Mass of the Diabolists, or shows the spasms of ecstasy one may get from a symphony of perfumes. The Viennese writer finds the most thrilling nepenthe in a varied eroticism.

There are critics who profess to see in these hundred and one tales of illicit love an effort to point a moral against the emptiness of Viennese society. It may be so. But, like a two-edged sword, his theme has often worked quite contrary to his purpose. And it requires no great effort to show what the effect has been, at least in Germany. Felix Salten, himself a writer of novels and stories, exclaims in the *Neue Rundschau* on the occasion of Schnitzler's fiftieth birthday anniversary: "In the strong, refined, sweetly perfumed art of Arthur Schnitzler resounds always the fulness of a splendid humanity (*schöne Menschlichkeit*). . . . There is a sweet, soft tenderness in this voice which carries away the women, and a taut strength, a true constancy, against which men cannot shut themselves." His theme is the wonder of love and the wonder of death; and "by his power to see love, the faculty of love in this generation is strengthened; by his power to think on death, its thoughts on the transitoriness of things is made more clear." Whether Schnitzler is like this or not, such is the influence of his writings upon susceptible readers.

But his characters never attain happiness, nor do they know where to find it. "Die Frau des Weisen" is a series of *traurige Verhältnisse*, extravagant, gloomy, and unnatural liaisons, and a commentary on how to fall out of love after it has become distasteful. Perhaps the most significant of his love stories is "Die Hirtenflöte," "The Shepherd's Pipe." In it a husband who has become wise by gazing at the immutable stars decides that he does not understand his wife, and gives her the freedom to follow all of her impulses, assuring her that at the end, whenever she wishes, and whatever the circumstances, she may count on his welcome at her return. She flies from one preposterous love to another, finding only a transient happiness in each, and finally comes back to reproach her husband for not shielding her more closely; but he refuses to see the difference between a subdued impulse and a concrete act, and she flies off again, this time forever.

The same restless desire to find an emotion that shall be sufficiently engrossing, and at the same time possess a degree of permanence, lies at the heart of the long romance, "Der Weg ins Freie," "The Way to Freedom." In this story one learns a number of unexpected and wonderful things about love. Heinrich Bermann, himself a poet, assures us that "a poet must withdraw from every one who is no longer a riddle, and especially from any one whom he loves." As every one in the book, in his ability to cherish emotions at least, is a poet, it is a book of withdrawals. And here is the reason: "The persons we love we know better than we know any one else—only we know them with shame, with bitterness, and with fear. . . . To love means to be anxious lest the fault we have discovered in the beloved object be open to others. To love means to be able to look into the future and to execrate love's gift." It is perfectly obvious that with thoughts like these in their hearts none of the characters find their lives to their liking.

The only possible way to freedom from the series of unnatural situations in which the characters in this novel find themselves is a break from all relationships, and a renouncing of the ideal of mere happiness. But it is not at all clear that they can do this. The young baron, George von Wergenthin, on the death of his father and the loss of his mistress, finds his heart, like the one in the parable, swept and garnished, but empty. He sets out to discover a new adventure to relieve the tedium. For a year a young Jewess, Anna Rosner, who sympathizes with his musical efforts, holds his affection. But their child is still-born, he is unwilling to renounce his freedom and marry her, she will not again leave her family and her friends, and he goes off to a distant city to take up a new life.

The story is somewhat complicated by the (with Schnitzler) inevitable introduction of the problem of the social and political status of the Jew. But we may discard this as of no essential consequence to the story. The problem of the Hebrew in Viennese society in these stories is of importance only as the Hebrews themselves create it. There is at times, however, a grim humor in it; as when the anti-Semitic son of a Zionist father, to compliment two of his clerical party friends, raises his hat as he passes a cathedral. His father unfortunately sees the act and immediately administers a public thrashing. The poor fellow has no recourse but an attempt on his own life.

There are other interesting complications. The poet, Heinrich, who found love to be so especially dangerous to his career, has this precious career apparently ruined by his mistress's suicide. The book is a mad crew of odd lots and misfits, busily engaged in falling in love and falling out again as occasion serves, and not one of them enjoying the process. After George has shaken himself free of them he may be richer in experience and wiser in the ways of some of the artists and near-artists of Vienna, but again his heart is swept and garnished and empty. It is as easy to think of the novel as marking the beginning of a new series of adventures in idle and fruitless love.

III.

But though Schnitzler writes of the stirrings and passions that are generally ascribed to youth, his point of view has in reality a quite different character, and one not nearly so ingenuous. By profession he was at one time physician, and he retains his interest in science and psychology. One of the crimes of what often passes as modern psychology, it seems to me, is the tendency of a few who speak in its name to discover the formula of most mental aberrations in subconscious, or inherited, or race eroticism. With Schnitzler, likewise, the erotic is purely the sexual. There is not one case of genuine affection in all his novels. His men are all variations of the predatory male, and his women willing or only partly unwilling decoys. To a man whose sole relation with women has been an open or disguised seduction, or to a man whose laboratory and ward have been frequented with aberrant types, or to a man who wishes to make a theory, it may be idle to speak of the more generous aspect of sexual love. To him the oath of Arthur's knights will sound the veriest cant and nonsense. It was the moral weakness of mid-Victorian English and American lit-

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erature that it refused to acknowledge the biological aspect of love; but it is an infinitely grosser moral dereliction to blink the ideal in love and to open one's eyes wide to the sensual. There may be perfume in the art of Arthur Schnitzler, but it is heavy and obvious.

There is no plot, strictly so called, in any of Schnitzler's stories. It is true that to the observer who makes no effort to generalize, life does seem to be merely a multitude of heterogeneous, unrelated actions, *post hoc* with only a very slight trace of *propter hoc*. In the same way, to a mere observer it would appear that things in the material world are quite unrelated, apples falling, comets flaming in the heavens, and sun and moon daily entering upon capricious pilgrimages. And the observer who would make a plot, in the sense of a presentation of all this movement, would produce a picture not very different in degree from the plots in Schnitzler's novels. In "Der Weg ins Freie" we have some dozens of characters, but all they have to do with one another's lives is to meet and talk about everything from music and poetry to Zionism and politics. There is the thin thread of the story, but on every conceivable opportunity the hero has an irrelevant conversation with every one of the characters; and as so much of our civilization today is made up of pure words, and, further, as a modicum of these is of necessity momentarily interesting, the story may pass as an accurate and at times interesting picture of a phase of contemporary life. But it is not a very edifying picture, nor is there much to be learned from it. The total effect is perhaps best described in the author's own words. "The two sat opposite each other; each held a mirror before the other, in which the other saw himself with a mirror in his hand, and in the mirror again the other with a mirror in his hand, and so on without end."

But in all these pictures are the necessary requirements of true fiction conserved? Is fiction from now on to be no more than an accurate picture of life, of people who have decided to abandon convention like last year's clothes? Is it necessary for the author of our modern novels to know only how to observe life and correctly to report his observation?

## IV.

In taking up these points I shall omit one objection to naturalism, and that perhaps the greatest, though much may be made of it—that the writer who limits his stories purely to his observation may be guilty of the gravest of errors, in that his observation can at best cover only a limited field. Readers of fiction, whether they will or no, are influenced in their attitude towards life by what they read, and a book which proclaims that "Tugend ist nur ein leeres Wort" will catch the imagination of susceptible readers. Already there is too much of the thought that love is pure animalism, and that man is but a "Bestie in Menschengestalt." This attitude of mind, due to imperfect and vitiated observation, though we may charge Schnitzler with it, need not detain us any longer.

But it is of some consequence to know where reality ends and convention begins. The attack upon convention is an old one. Even Aristophanes cast his stone. Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" deals with little else. But here obviously the writers are dealing with false convention, with cant. Yet some sort of conventions we must have; they are nothing more nor less than social habit, and as such are as real, in the sense of natural, as our most elementary impulses. If by nature we mean fact as opposed to generalization, even then we must still take conventions into consideration, for they display themselves by means of indubitable fact. What a miserable life we should lead if on every occasion we were compelled to consult our individual impulses, like the heroine in "The Shepherd's Pipe," instead of being permitted to protect ourselves against aberrant impulses by the wall of social habit! The desire to strip off all convention, because some of it is false, is not a little like the argument that appeared not long ago in the *Neue Rundschau* against prudery as an enemy to health. The article ended as an argument against clothes. In an argument against convention we must have our attention directed to the consequences of conventions.

But all civilization and all reason have been at work for these thousands of years to reduce the rule of impulse to conformity with the rules of reason. The result of the conflict between these we call character; and though this may never be fully expressed in any specific fact or action, yet it is quite as natural as any line of conduct it encourages or inhibits. Only then in the field of character may conventions be profitably studied. It is because naturalism fixes its attention upon the physical impulses, and behind these upon physical weaknesses and defects, and from these alone tries to deduce man's personality and the formula for his actions, and in like manner reduces the play of reason to a purely physical plane—it is because of this half-view of humanity that naturalism in literature to the humanist will never be anything higher than a rather unpleasant variation of animal psychology.

Nor have we an answer to our difficulty with naturalism in the remark that in the human animal we have the primitive man. We might ask, What have we now to do with the primitive man? But with Schnitzler the very opposite is true. His characters are anything but primitive. They are what they are because of the highly complex environment in which they live and its parasitical by-product. If they spurn its dictates, it is because they only partly understand them, and their impulses pull in another direction. And these very impulses would be quite impossible in a more simple world.

Lacking real intelligence, his characters lack all sense of morals. The men and women in these stories are never deliberately wicked, for that implies a knowledge of the distinction between right and wrong. They merely follow impulses, so their course, like that of a stream, is always along the line of least resistance. Even at the end of "Der Weg ins Freie" George does not consciously follow a deliberately selected vocation, but through the help of a friend falls into a job that interests him more than his quondam companions. If they are anxious over the outcome of some line of conduct, it is not because it violates the dictates of a moral conscience, but because the opposite impulse is also strong, and their little kingdoms suffer the nature of an insurrection. If they choose death, as many of his characters do, it is not because of true remorse for wrongs committed, but because death is a thrilling escape out of an *impasse*, a dramatic climax, and the curtain. It is because of their lack of moral stability that a German critic, Wassermann, accuses naturalism of making a deal of mutation of character, but of showing no satisfactory transformation. The characters are hard to understand, because they do not themselves understand. They cannot be generalized, because they do not themselves generalize. They are, so far as intellectual and moral fruitfulness is concerned, the sports and hybrids of humanity, and though cleverly and at times attractively drawn, of little value to a reader who takes up a book in order that from it he may deepen his understanding of life.

And the general lawlessness of Schnitzler's characters is reflected in the lawlessness of his plots. The more complex and bizarre life becomes, the greater the need that authors of fiction at least pretend to throw light upon its sequences and consequences. But if now an author must persist in merely holding up the mirror, the ideal of fiction lies in the direction of a guidebook, newspaper, and a fashion magazine. But there are many who most devoutly believe otherwise.

* * * * *

Yet it seems a trifle bordering on the sophomoric thus to dismiss a man of the preeminence of Arthur Schnitzler with the advice, in effect, to go and read again in Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister's Pilgrimage" the passage concerning the three reverences. For there are many notable things in Schnitzler's fiction. His power to depict a scene has in it the accuracy of a photograph. His cleverness in presenting the bizarre situations in which his characters are discovered has in it something almost Mephistophelian. One would have to go far to read something quite so well done as "A Leave-taking," "Ein Abschied." But the gem of the whole collection is "Leutnant Gustl." It is all told in revery—a technical device used freely by the author, and with excellent results.

Schnitzler well represents the astonishing cleverness and superficiality and even materialism of Viennese life. What this life is to be after the war, whether it will gain a greater depth, and its chronicler a greater seriousness, time will tell.

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# Correspondence

## POLITICAL SCIENTISTS AND THE ELECTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A leading New York newspaper has quoted me recently as asserting that "the teachers of political science throughout the country are not going to vote for Wilson," and I am represented as saying that these same teachers of political science "have an organization and are all practically of the same mind in regard to Mr. Wilson." True, my fellow craftsmen "have an organization." But to one who through some months has been concerned in the building of a programme for the ensuing meeting of the American Political Science Association at Cincinnati which shall be completely free from the taint of partisan politics (as all previous programmes of the Association have been) it is a matter of some chagrin to be made the author of wild assertions such as the foregoing.

I have said what I know to be true, that a considerable number of students of political science who voted for Mr. Wilson four years ago feel that the mistakes of the present Administration, notably in relation to foreign affairs, have been many and serious, and I have said that a good many of these men, without regard to party affiliation, will vote for Mr. Hughes. But I have no doubt that the President will receive the support of some political scientists who did not vote for him in 1912. So far as I have been able to observe, teachers of political science are divided upon the issues of the current campaign very much as are other groups of thinking people.

Frederic A. Ogg.

Madison, Wis., September 29.

## "EDITING THE TEN COMMANDMENTS."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Plutarch relates of Alcibiades that on one occasion he chanced to visit a small school. Asking the teacher what he taught, the instructor of youth replied that he taught Homer "corrected by" himself. Whereupon Alcibiades promptly kicked the teacher out of doors, saying that one who presumed to correct Homer should do something better than merely teach children. The proposed "Editing of the Ten Commandments" at the approaching Episcopal convention recalls to mind this old anecdote. Where is the sense of humor of these reverend and lay gentlemen, to say nothing of their reverence and sense of literature? Do they think the Commandments are *improved* by being reduced to a skeleton? The childish mind is *impressed* by explanations and amplifications—so for whose benefit are these emendations made? If the Commandments are "Divine Law" and are inspired, why not leave them in the verbal form in which they were first given to the Hebrews? The "arguments" for the observance of the Divine Law, which these gentlemen in their sapiency think are not "essential to the laws themselves," have impressed the imagination and enlarged the understanding of the ages. These "arguments" are the royal retinue of kingly truth. These gentlemen will be "editing" the Beatitudes next. For by this same token, is not the divinely declarative truth sufficient—"Blessed are the pure in heart"—without adding—"for they shall see God"?

Once upon a time a Gnat said to an Elephant, "My friend, your ears are much too large: they are not essential to your hearing; a small auditory orifice would answer the purpose. Trim your ears off, or let me do it, and you will be saved the fatigue of flapping them."

But the Elephant replied, "Friend, my ears may be large, but they are an integral part of my body, and are in keeping with my size. They are part of my significance and strength. No doubt they seem large to you, but that is beside the point. Mine they are, and must remain as they have grown; and as to their being essential, you are not the judge."

The moral is obvious; but for the literal-minded Gnat the Elephant might have added: "Never tamper with what you neither understand nor appreciate, for you may do far more harm than good."

An Episcopalian.

Norfolk, Va., September 30.

## "POVERTY AND SOCIAL PROGRESS."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Will you kindly publish the following criticism of the review of my book, "Poverty and Social Progress," which appeared in the *Nation* for September 7, and which, apparently on account of a careless and hasty reading of the book on the part of your reviewer, is unjust to me and misleading to your readers?

Your reviewer accuses me of placing too much reliance on the Census statistics of child labor, on page 138, which, he says, are erroneous in reporting children engaged in agricultural labor. If he will read the paragraph immediately following this table, he will learn that I point out the inadequacy of these statistics in several respects, saying, among other things, that "many children at work are not reported, because the law is being evaded, or for some other reason." Furthermore, on page 71 I point out the inadequacy of the Census statistics of agricultural labor.

Your reviewer makes a similar accusation with respect to my use of the Census wage statistics cited on page 71. On the same page I have stated that the averages based upon these figures are the yearly wage-rates only "as nearly as can be ascertained"; while at many points throughout the discussion of wage statistics I indicate their inadequacy, as, for example, on page 62, where I refer to them as furnishing a basis for a "rough approximation" only, and on page 82, where I say that "it is impossible to arrive at an average wage-rate for all of the working population of this country."

Your reviewer grossly misrepresents a passage on page 145 by asserting that I attribute a large amount of unemployment to an excess of labor. I say nothing of the sort anywhere in the book. The statement on page 145 is that the large amount of the unemployment "suggests that there may be a larger supply of labor than society can use productively." The context indicates that I am referring to a supply of labor which may be relatively, but is not absolutely, excessive. The discussion at this point, on pages 372-373, and elsewhere in the book, shows that I regard the supply of labor as an important cause of unemployment only when it is excessive in proportion to the other factors of production, a condition which arises out of an ill-organized economic system.

Your reviewer implies that I contradict myself because on page 168 I state that "it is easy to place the minimum and maximum limits for population," and on page 176 that "the outcome of the above discussion may appear rather vague." If he will take the trouble to read the intervening pages, he will discover that, after explaining in two paragraphs what I mean by the first statement, the discussion beginning on page 169, which is referred to in the second statement, is not of the minimum and maximum limits, but of the desirable density of population.

I am anxious to have any uncritical use of statistics in my book pointed out to me. But your reviewer has not sustained his allegation of such uncritical use, and has, on the contrary, revealed his own carelessness and capacity for garbling citations from the books he reviews. The other general criticisms made by him display, to say the least, a misunderstanding of the purpose of my book and an inadequate comprehension of the complexity of the problems discussed therein.

I regret to see in the *Nation*, which has hitherto been scrupulously fair, even when critical, in its reviews of my writings, a review which is so grossly unfair to an author.

Maurice Parmelee.

New York, September 11.

[We have received from the reviewer of Mr. Parmelee's book the following reply:

(1.) To print a census table without at the same time indicating important sources of error, pointed out at considerable length in the volume from which the table is taken, does not seem to be too severely characterized as an "uncritical" use of statistical material. The discussion on page 71, to which Mr. Parmelee refers, has no connection with the statistics of child labor.

(2.) No useful results can be obtained by attempting to find the average wage of persons engaged in manufacturing industries by the simple process of dividing the total wage bill by the number of persons, and any such attempt is bound to mislead the reader.

(3.) We are unable to understand how either a relatively or an absolutely excessive supply of labor can cause unemployment.

(4.) Even in the light of Mr. Parmelee's explanation, we are still of the opinion that it is not "easy to place the minimum and maximum limits of population," however defined.—Ed. The Nation.]

## "THE WORLD'S HIGHWAY."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Permit me to make some observations on certain ideas found in the very interesting article by Prof. Morris Jastrow, jr., on "The World's Highway," in the *Nation* for August 31.

Dr. Jastrow expresses the opinion that the capture of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453 A. D. "meant . . . the blockade against the Christian countries of Europe of the great road leading to Bagdad and Mesopotamia." Has he not here adopted a somewhat prevalent view which a little reflection will show him to be erroneous? The road from Constantinople to Bagdad has never been wholly in the hands of Christians nor

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freely open to them since the founding of the latter city by Moslems in 762 A. D. Again, the Ottoman Turks had lain directly across that road since their very beginning, about the year 1300 A. D. In fact, their capture of Constantinople added practically nothing to their control of the land road from southeastern Europe to Mesopotamia. It did give them a better hold upon another great highway, the intersecting sea route between the Mediterranean and Black Seas.

Dr. Jastrow continues: "This effectual wall raised against Christian Europe stimulated exploration towards the west. . . . The fall of Constantinople was the real reason for Columbus's discovery of America . . . made imperative by the closing up of the highway across Asia Minor," etc. It appeared after a special inquiry which I made two years ago, the results of which can be found in the *English Historical Review* for October, 1915, that evidence does not exist of any connection between the fall of Constantinople and the voyage of Columbus. The former event had no appreciable effect upon the trade of western Europe with southern and eastern Asia. Since about 1340 A. D. almost the whole of that trade had passed through Syria and Egypt, along routes which the Turks did not even touch until 1516 A. D., long after the voyages of Columbus.

The Turks built no "effectual wall" against Oriental trade. The establishment of the proud and exclusive Moslem civilization in the seventh century A. D. had, however, while favoring trade as carried on by citizens and subjects, set up some such wall against the passage across the Levant of alien merchants and travellers. This practice was maintained unchanged by the Mameluke Sultans of Egypt down to the Turkish conquest. The Ottoman Turks themselves adopted in time a similar policy as regards merchants, though by no means against travellers, but they, too, valued and encouraged trade. In fact, the "wall" which was constituted by the Moslem civilization failed in twelve hundred years to be "effectual" against foreign Christian merchants only once, namely, during the three or four generations after the first quarter of the thirteenth century, when its northern stretches (including Mesopotamia) lay in ruins as a result of the Mongol invasion and conquest. But it was never a wall against trade, it was less firmly maintained by the Ottoman Turks than by their Moslem predecessors, and it was not appreciably stronger after the fall of Constantinople than it had been before.

Whatever may be true of the importance of the land route from southeastern Europe to Mesopotamia in that ancient time which Dr. Jastrow has made so thoroughly his own, this road has not deserved to be called "*The* World's Highway" since the break-up of the Macedonian Empire. From the time when Rome became the mistress of the world until the doubling of the Cape of Good Hope, the greater highways of the world lay east and west, partly by land and partly by sea, crossing the Ægean from Ephesus and its successor Smyrna, and the Mediterranean from Antioch, Beirut, and Alexandria. But from 1498 A. D. until the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869 A. D., there was little through trade by any route across the Levant. This was not because of the presence there of the Ottoman Empire or even of the whole Moslem civilization, but because the Cape route was intrinsically less expensive. In the late eighteenth century, the old routes across the Levant began to attract increasing attention, not, however, as becoming intrinsically more valuable, but as promising to provide convenient portions of long highways which would connect great and growing gatherings of population. After Russia obtained, in 1774, the right for her merchant shipping to traverse the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, the usefulness to western Europe of the sea route through the straits revived before that of the land route through Constantinople.

The highway from Constantinople to Bagdad first came completely into the hands of the Turks in 1534 A. D. While it never became the main route of their trade, it was indeed, with its continuation through Belgrade and Budapest, and its bifurcation through Syria to the Holy Cities and Egypt, the main artery of their political life. After their power had declined, its actual importance in the world-scheme was small, even as late as the beginning of the twentieth century. But there had come to some Teutons the dream of making this road what it had not been in twenty centuries before, "*The* World's Highway." At the present moment the yet longer road from Berlin through Vienna, Belgrade, and Constantinople to Bagdad is the very spinal cord of the alliance of the Central Powers. If it be cut, the preeminence of the intersecting Black Sea-Mediterranean route will be firmly established for the immediate future.

I trust that these observations will add something to the value of Dr. Jastrow's admirable article. ALBERT HOWE LYBYER.

Urbana, Ill., September 23.

*Dr. Jastrow is again hasty in saying that the fall of Constantinople gave the Ottoman Turks control of the road between that city and Bagdad, and that "having this highway, Syria, Palestine, and Egypt, on the one hand, came as naturally under the sway of the Turks as did Mesopotamia on the other." Syria, Palestine, and Egypt were taken in the winter of 1516 A. D., and Mesopotamia and *Bagdad* eighteen years *later.*

## THE SEATING OF THE HOUSE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Obviously, it is time for Sir Henry Lucy to run over here and refresh his impressions of our House of Representatives. In his London letter of August 19, he contrasts the time-honored custom of his own House of Commons, as to seating its members, with the corresponding practices of parliamentary bodies in other countries, and says: "The House of Representatives at Washington, for example, is furnished with comfortable armchairs, conveniently fitted with revolving apparatus, so that a member, beginning to be bored with one point of view, may turn round and survey another. Also he has a desk of his own, in which he may keep his private papers."

This used to be the fact; but in 1913, with the incoming of the Fifty-third Congress, all the desks and chairs were removed from the Hall, and benches substituted, set in a series of concentric curves intersected by aisles radiating from the Speaker's dais. There are no individual desks; but four large, flat-topped tables stand, two on either side of the middle aisle and a short distance from it, on the third arc back from the front, and there the respective party leaders and the members in charge of special bills can spread such books, papers, or exhibits as they will need to use in debate. As a rule, members addressing the House stand in the semicircular space before the Speaker's desk, and face their audience directly.

Such a reform was earnestly advocated for many years by the more progressive element among the Representatives, and was an especial hobby of the late Speaker Reed, who attributed much of the disorder on the floor to the inattention of members, as their desks and swivel chairs made it altogether too convenient for them to write letters, read, converse, or otherwise occupy themselves with matters unrelated to the business before the House. The Sixty-third Congress, thanks to the latest reapportionment, found it necessary to provide seats for 444 members, delegates, and commissioners; and Mr. Underwood, of Alabama, who was to be the majority floor-leader, realized the impracticability of continuing the old system of seating, and brought his influence to bear so effectively that the change was made before many of the newly elected Representatives had even seen the inside of the chamber. TATTLER.

Washington, D. C., September 23.

## JAMES MORGAN HART.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The death, towards the end of the late academic year, of Prof. James Morgan Hart, of Cornell University, deserves notice from the journal to which he was for so many years a contributor. The resolutions of the University faculty, which I am permitted to quote, express the esteem in which he was held by his colleagues:

"In recording the death of James Morgan Hart, professor emeritus of the English language and literature, the faculty wishes to bear witness to the scholarly and manly qualities of the colleague whose passing is a loss to Cornell University.

"Professor Hart was one of the earliest members of the faculty, and gave to the University his first and his last years of service. During his long life he devoted himself with absolute unselfishness to the cause of learning, as represented by his chosen field, in which he attained national distinction, and as represented by the institution to which he was so deeply attached. He administered his department with far-seeing discretion, and brought into the faculty councils a mature wisdom which went to the core of the questions at issue. He trained students to hold dear the things which were dear to him, and had the satisfaction of seeing his own men in positions of responsibility all over the country. The first insistent lesson he taught was accuracy, which he constantly termed the one prerequisite of scholarship. As far as was humanly possible, he sought to impart to his students some measure of his own wholesome and abounding common-sense. A man of deliberate and well-considered care in forming opinions, he manifested impatience only in the presence of the inane, the self-seeking, and the pedantic; to honest error of judgment or to mistaken action he was sympathetically tolerant. His interest in young men was perennially fresh, and he apparently gained from them something of the inspiration which he assuredly gave. Best of all in a teacher and a leader, it should be said of him that with every opportunity to impose his authority and his methods, he never sought to make disciples. A student whom he had made courageous enough to differ with

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him was sure of a keen, friendly, and thoughtful response; a mere echo he counted futile. Here was a man who left behind him the memory of a personality greater and finer than is at all common, and who established by his example a precious ideal."

Professor Hart graduated from Princeton in 1860, and soon after receiving his degree went to Europe for graduate study. From Göttingen he gained the doctorate. At the opening of Cornell University in 1868 he was appointed assistant professor of South European languages. In 1876 he was called to Cincinnati as professor of modern languages, but was allowed to devote himself chiefly to English literature. In 1890 he was recalled, as professor of English, to Cornell, where he served until his retirement in 1907. Professor Hart's scholarly writings were mainly critical, and appeared with great frequency in the periodicals concerned with his field. His life-work, a dictionary of Anglo-Saxon, unfortunately remains incomplete. His large and admirably chosen collection of books, donated by him to Cornell, was placed in the spacious room so long his office, and is now designated the Hart Memorial Library.

MARTIN W. SAMPSON.

Ithaca, N. Y., September 18.

## PITRÈ'S "THE SWALLOW BOOK."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May a lover of Sicily add a word to the appreciation of Giuseppe Pitrè in the *Nation* of September 7, to say that a dear and delightful little book of his is within reach of English-speaking children?

"The Swallow Book," rendered into English by Ada Camehl, and published by the American Book Company, has all the tenderness and grace of its maker, as well as his erudition; and its dedication to "sweet Giuseppina," the little, motherless granddaughter, gives it a pathos all its own.

The slight adaptations of the translator mar the book but little.

GRACE D. E. RICHARDSON.

Lyme, Conn., September 15.

## THE DANGER OF A JEST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have long known that joking is a questionable pastime; but until I read the very able article on "Education and the Melting-Pot," published in the *Nation* of September 7, I never rightly understood the perilous nature of a jest. When in a paper on "Popular Education" I ventured to quote a sarcastic and very amusing comment by Mr. Wilson Farrand on the medley of irrelevant facts and irrational sentiment which is offered to the school-children of to-day, it never occurred even to my mature and melancholy experience that any reader could be found who would take this comment seriously. I know now I was mistaken; and I owe an apology to Mr. Farrand for having been so cocksure that his satire would provoke the laugh it merits.

What it has provoked is a grieved protest from your contributor, Prof. Louis More, who regrets that any educator should desire the elimination of arithmetic and geography from the school curriculum, and who asks gravely why Mr. Farrand "does not propose the obvious remedy of displacing some of the useless fads which cause the chaos." That this is just what Mr. Farrand *did* propose should have been plain to Mr. More, if he read the two brief paragraphs which I quoted. That this is just what Mr. Farrand *did* propose would, I trust, have been plain to the *Nation's* readers, had these two paragraphs been put before them. The fact that Mr. Farrand expressed himself humorously on a serious subject ought not to place him beyond the pale of human sympathy and comprehension. The absurdity of the system which he criticised merited the ridicule meted out to it. He was, perhaps, a bit venturesome to use a weapon so little understood.

AGNES REPPLIER.

Philadelphia, September 15.

# British Poets: Gibson and Others

*Battle and Other Poems.* By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

*Laodice and Danaë.* By Gordon Bottomley. Boston: The Four Seas Co. 60 cents net.

*Georgian Poetry*, 1913-1915. By E. M. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net. (This volume includes, among other selections, plays by Gordon Bottomley, W. W. Gibson, and Lascelles Abercrombie.)

*The Listeners.* By Walter De La Mare. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.20 net.

*Wolf's-Bane.* By John Cowper Powys. New York: G. Arnold Shaw. $1.25.

We eat our breakfast lying on our backs,
Because the shells were screeching overhead.
I bet a rasher to a loaf of bread
That Hull United would beat Halifax
When Jimmy Stainthorpe played full-back instead
Of Billy Bradford. Ginger raised his head
And cursed, and took the bet, and dropped back dead.
We eat our breakfast lying on our backs,
Because the shells were screeching overhead.

In this rough-cast war poem Mr. Gibson has done well what many of our American frontiersmen on Parnassus have done badly. Incident and diction are both powerful, and credulity is not over-taxed, though the shell is timed with Teutonic precision. Occasionally, Mr. Gibson asks more and gives less; he invites me to believe that in facing the enemy a man is solely interested in the life or death of a sick cow, and that a father's grief for his son's gallant death is aggravated by the failure to scold him for the non-insertion of a spigot in a cask. I will not say that such things are impossible; possibility is multitudinous and unfathomable; but they are an extreme, not the typical extreme, which is the poet's rightful bailiwick, but the fantastic extreme in which reality mocks us by a mockery of itself. Where reality mimics a bad poet, the good poet eschews reality.

The ensuing group of poems, mainly descriptive, are distinguished by a vivid and daring magnificence, and they may possibly be true in Uranus or Neptune. There is gold and flame on the earth, but earth is not gold and flame, as Mr. Gibson, by implication, suggests. There is one purpose for which these splendors would be quite in keeping: as a background for opera they would be priceless.

These two diverse kinds of lyrics might raise the question whether Mr. Gibson was a genius in the English sense or a genie in its Arabian acceptation, whether he conversed with the heart of truth or wrought specious marvels by a fearless and dazzling thaumaturgy. The six one-act blank-verse plays which complete the volume answer that question in Mr. Gibson's favor. They deal frankly with great and simple things—birth, wedlock, death—as they occur in the lives of great and simple people, the shepherds of the fells. Mr. Gibson can draw contours; Hugh Shield and Esther Shield are individuals: but the notable and memorable thing is that his people are great in the mass or class before their *distinctions* become palpable. In our rage for individuality—a passion which I helplessly and willingly share—we forget that the emotional depth and vigor which feeds the potencies of drama may be the attribute of a class, and that our need to conceive persons sharply as individuals is partly the result of our failure to conceive them grandly as human beings.

Has Mr. Gibson painted this shepherd life like a realist? Without knowing that life, I should venture a negative. But the poet is wise, modest, even faithful, in his deviations. He has found in reality itself the cue for the amelioration of reality; he has made larger and simpler what was originally simple and large; he has integrated, but he has not romanticized. He handles his plain, strong people as he handles the plain, strong words—largely monosyllables—which make up the steadfast and massive substance of his grave, tranquil, low-keyed, and slow-pacing blank verse.

Of these six plays, the first, "Stonefolds," is unquestionably the best. Where among living poets shall we look for a counterpart to the homely but majestic pathos of this story of shepherd-folk whom death visits at lambing-time? The death that has snatched the young mother from childbed lays its springe for the plaidless young shepherd in the cold; the motherless babe dies on the hearth in the very spot where the motherless lamb had perished a moment before: and the graybeard man and woman, in whom the persistence of life is inexorable, who "have seen so many young things born, so many perish," sit waiting together for the sluggard dawn of a joyless day.

"The Bridal," less august as literature, is more vigorous as drama, and leads up to a vivid culmination which is barely saved from a classification with *tours de force* by the robustness and simplicity of the characters. On its own plane its excellence is high. The old mother whom the dead husband's truculence has martyred warns the young bride against the inheritor of his savagery, and the young woman, offered a generous and contemptuous release, takes off her hat calmly, saying, "I shall bide." The other four plays are rather less vigorous scions of the same large-limbed and supple-sinewed stock.

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With these six manly and wholesome dramas I shall contrast four other short plays, all illustrative more or less of the vagaries of power. Two, "Laodice and Danaë" and "King Lear's Wife," are by Mr. Bottomley; "The End of the World" belongs to Mr. Abercrombie; and the fourth, "Hoops," a masterstroke of irony has assigned to Mr. Gibson himself. The three last-named are in "Georgian Poetry."

In "Laodice and Danaë" an Oriental queen of sunken authority kills a maid of honor who has saved her conspiring lover from the penalties of his transgression. Mr. Bottomley takes the homicide very calmly; what excites him is the picturesqueness of the attendant ceremony. What he aims to do is to show fell passions, wrath, revenge, hatred, wandering luxuriously amid arcades, braziers, carpets, divans, unguents, roses, coffers, lamp-chains, brocades, jewels, lattices of cedar, and broidered curtains. This equalization of passion with setting, this pitting of the luxurious against the fiendish, is fairly original, not unimpressive, intensely exotic, and irreparably morbid.

Mr. Bottomley utilizes as instruments a dreamy, sensuous imagination quick to image this delaying, voluptuous, fastidious hate, and a blank verse, which, in spite of inexcusable perversities, I should like to twist into a pastille and burn in a brazier, holding my nostrils to the flame:

> Needing me he turned.
> Was it not best to die still needing me,
> And save the amount of kingdoms for my boy,
> The climbing vine of gold up Shushan's front,
> The cedar palaces of Ecbatana?
> Though Berenice sits in Antioch
> Safe with her suckling in her suckling's name . . .
> Winds, bring to me a ship from Antioch.

"King Lear's Wife" follows "Laodice and Danaë" in its general traits, and has already been ably reviewed in these columns by William Archer, in the issue of June 29, 1916. There are finalities which the wise confess; I shall be ready to re-write the critiques of Mr. Archer when I am ready to re-dramatize Lear and Goneril with Mr. Gordon Bottomley.

In "The End of the World" Mr. Abercrombie has, in my judgment, made serious mistakes. He has divided a plotless play into two acts; it is unwise to bisect a granule. Again, there are two ways of handling terror-stricken characters in a play where a comet and a mountebank breed hysteria in a countryside. The characters may be made large and handled gravely, or they may be made little and handled humorously; the smile, of course, may be as gravely purposed as the frown. Mr. Abercrombie has made them little, almost ridiculous, and has treated them solemnly. Again, the man who, in the face of death, repents, not his sins, but his virtues, is a credible and piquant figure; but in the farmer Huff Mr. Abercrombie has invented sins so grovelling and clownish that even the libertine in the reader disdains to be sympathetic. There is some vigorous psychology, but the tones are too deep for the chests from which they emanate. The play sinks under these handicaps. Mr. Abercrombie is fortunately a man who can afford an occasional failure, a man capable of outliving "The End of the World."

On Mr. Gibson's "Hoops," which Mr. Archer merely touches, I shall hazard a word. It differs from the six shepherd plays as Browning's "Ned Bratts" differs from Wordsworth's "Michael"; but it is not so strong as "Ned Bratts." A man of warped frame, by a natural and finely imagined contrast, is possessed by an adoration of the power and suppleness of the unflawed human body, and the mirages which traverse his soul are painted with sympathetic vigor by Mr. Gibson:

> But you, man, do you never burn with pride
> That you've begotten those six limber bodies,
> Firm flesh, and supple sinew, and lithe limb—
> Six nimble lads, each like young Absalom,
> With red blood running lively in his veins,
> Bone of your bone, your very flesh and blood?

This is all very well, but in the wish to balance vision with fact, the poet has elaborated a setting which, being as striking as it is impertinent, quite overshadows the dreams it was meant to substantiate. For instance, the man who is already hunchback and poet must be made, by a new instalment of paradox, gentleman and stable-boy. Worse still, he must be stable-boy for a circus, must poetize amid camels and elephants, and must talk with a merry-andrew who has missed the hoop for the first time and faces starvation for himself and his brood. The hunchback rhapsodizes, and I—I think of this unvalued merry-andrew. This is obvious naughtiness on my part, and I wonder that Mr. Gibson, who had taken me in charge, should let me do it.

The second volume of "Georgian Poetry" is in the main wisely chosen, and the editorship is sound. It confirms, with some natural abatement of novelty, the impression the first volume gave of quickened inspiration in the British Muse.

Mr. De La Mare's "Listeners," now reprinted, is a book to induce admiration and hope. The admiration may slightly exceed the hope, since the excellence is of that kind in which men are oftenest unfaithful to their high beginnings. Time must settle whether the strain of dream-like distinctness, of chiselled fantasy or sculptured cloud, which distinguishes Mr. De La Mare is an efflux of character or of youth. His secret lies in the use of images that are admirably definite in the production of effects that are deliciously vague. "A tombstone green and crooked" shows what he can do with five words. His "Old Susan" and "Miss Loo" are etched with impeccable distinctness.

But in defining the object, he has laid a spell upon it. He has taken it out of space or time, or rather, let us say, he has planted it in naked space and desert time, where the removal of all other objects makes it sovereign by dint of isolation. In these poems the world at large seems annihilated and the author himself vanishes in the obliteration of the world. The object alone is left. The theme of "The Listeners" is symbolic. Mr. De La Mare approaches his object as the nameless traveller approaches the solitary house. There is a moment of tension, a call, an eager, yearning, multitudinous hush, and he rides baffled away. A palpitant silence—that is the final effect of Mr. De La Mare's work, the effect when interpretation succeeds to perception. If my reader should say that this kind of palpitant silence is better than articulate sound, I doubt if, in my own immediate sense of the beauty of Mr. De La Mare's work, I should have the hardihood to contradict him.

It would be interesting to know just how seriously Mr. John Cowper Powys takes his poetry. My hopes for him would be exactly measured by his capacity to survey his volume and himself with a lift of the eyebrow or—at worst—a twinkle of the eye. Not that the volume is ostensibly frivolous. Ostensibly it is grave; it is preternaturally grave, or rather it is preternatural in the variety of its exhibitions of gravity. Ventriloquism, which is usually classed among levities, seems the only way of accounting for the diversity of its prayers, its wails, its jibes, its maledictions. It is by turns melancholy, sepulchral, grisly, mystical, devotional, animal, humanitarian, defiant, cynical. A characteristic mood is seen in the following:

> Hush! for the shadow of a flower
> Upon a sun-warmed stone,
> Your "Highest Truth" with all its power
> I'd willingly disown.
>
> Hush! for a glance thro' the lattice flung
> Upon a sleeping brow,
> Your "Thunder of the Immortal Tongue"
> I'd lightly disavow.
>
> The eternal law, the deep life-stream,
> Why should I worship these?
> Better the briefest human dream
> Among the fading trees!
> . . . . .
> The little things—the little things—
> The things that fade and die—
> The perfume of their passing brings
> More than Eternity.

This time Mr. Powys has perfumed the moment for his readers.

In another place he pours scorn upon oversouls and democracies, and prefers the quiet of the budding landscape. One cannot help asking whether, if the primrose by the river's brim means more to Mr. Powys than to Sitting Bull, let us say, or Peter Bell, it is not largely because his ancestors and compatriots have taken thought sometimes for the "Over-Soul." It is not necessary to take Mr. Powys very solemnly, when he allows an indecent sketch which some "lovely and obscene wretch" has left on an old wall to plunge him into a transport of Rabelaisian reminiscence. Some readers would call this goatishness, no doubt; I should call it coltishness.

There are two excellent points in Mr. Powys—a command of caressing, simple, old-fashioned metres, and happy invention of the kind that imparts to a lyric the neatness of a dramatized epigram. He has a fondness for monosyllables, not the globular monosyllables of Mr. Gibson, but the flaky monosyllables of Byron or Moore or Shelley. He

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solicits vituperation by some very bad rhymes in which he proffers indolence as an index of courage. He remains, after all deductions, an interesting possibility. At present he is mainly engaged in the "trying-on" of moods, and impresses us most by the diversity of his wardrobe. But this matutinal entertainment need not last; one cannot spend the day in the tiring-room. O. W. Firkins.

## Book Notes and Byways

### STYLE AND MEANING.

My friend is an editor, but he has high ideals. One day we lunched together, and our talk turned upon the matter of literary style. The occasion was a paper of mine in which I had used some hard professional words that he wanted me to change. He was manifestly diffident about asking the change, but his literary conscience was troubled, and his duty to his readers was plain. Against both his inclination and his duty I had no wish to offer any resistance; he was too whole-souled about the matter, and even momentary wholeness of soul is a rare and beautiful thing. The one phrase which I could not change was, however, just the one he had found most intolerable. I had written of the span of our human life as a process of "maturation and senescence." "What does that mean," he said with gentle emphasis, "other than growing up and growing old?" He said other things, too, but I have forgotten what they were; I was too full of my retort to hear anything else.

What, in his literary conscience, troubled my friend about that phrase was the feeling that it added nothing and obscured much in the meaning of the words. On behalf of his readers he felt that it augmented the strain of reading and taxed the mind unnecessarily. I think he added also that it was ponderous and harsh. Wasteful, inelegant, dissonant, these are charges sufficient to condemn any phrase to death.

All of them, I think, are conventional charges, and false charges, drawn because of a false tradition concerning the nature of style and the relation of style to meaning: the tradition of the rhetorician who fixes the outlines of the dead externals and sets them up as measures for the living word. Fundamental in every style is the rhythmic idiosyncrasy of its movement. Without that we could not possibly perceive the intent of thought, or get to the total significance of expression. It is to speech exactly what it is to music. It generates and deposits words; *which* words is determined by the thought's own pulse and cadences, that orders them as a stream carries leaves. In poetry this is obvious, or should be, particularly in the *vers libre*. In prose it is not so obvious, but it is none the less a fact. Eloquence need have no content; it works by infection, not signification; anybody who has heard a performance by Mr. Bryan knows that. The written word is even more dependent upon the transmission of the inward pulse for its effect, for it is not carried by a voice. Rhythm is characteristic, individual, the essence of personality in style.

The other element of style is what the rhetoricians call diction. This is the more fixable quality, easier of analysis, easier to talk about. Rhetoric books and editors' minds are full of rules about how and what and when and where to choose among words. But I have not noticed that these rules ever helped an aspiring writer, although I have many friends who declare that they have learned by means of them to distinguish between good and bad writing. The rules are, in fact, retrospective; they help you to identify excellence after it has been created, but as for creating it—as well achieve fatherhood by studying anatomy. The editor does not know this, of course. For him the foremost rule is to choose that word which will tax the mind of the reader least. So, since it requires less effort to understand "growing up" than "maturation," and "growing old" than "senescence," choose "growing up" and "growing old" and throw "maturation" and "senescence" to the dogs.

Which goes to show that some editors are quite as wrong about words as rhetoricians, and as innocent of their relation to the spirit as the clergy. I should like to change the adage that a man is known by the company he keeps into the adage that a man is known by the vocabulary he keeps: a man can be separated from his company, even if it be his wife. His vocabulary, however, is his very soul; the words he instinctively and habitually uses are the lasting core of his thoughts, the furniture of his mind, the framework and order of the world he lives in. But neither rhetoricians nor editors are more than dimly aware of this. They observe that words have certain vague, elusive overtones of meaning. They call these "connotation," mutter a few generalizations about its rôle in the making of a style, and pass to another thing which they call "denotation." By "denotation" they intend to designate the precise meaning of a word. This, they imagine, being explicit, specific, and tangible, can be measured and defined; and since the aim of prose writing must be the lucid transference of meaning, the word that sets a given thing precisely before the mind, and no more, is the word to use. The denotation of "growing up" is the same as that of "maturation," of "growing old" the same as of "senescence." Why, then, use the latter?

Because, dear editor, there exists no word with a meaning explicit, specific, and tangible. Meanings are as subtle fluids. Words are like empty bottles into and out of which the meanings are continuously flowing. All words, consequently, are ambiguous. And for this reason a word's denotation is the most unimportant and trivial thing it possesses, except for logicians. The import of things lies not in what they are. The import of things lies in what relation they bear to other things. Their uses, their excellences, their total worth derive from these. A thing is a centre through which unnumbered lines of connection pass, as an infinity of lines pass through an identical point in space. The words which designate any given thing do more than merely denote or identify it. Each sets in relief one strand of relationships against all the others, and it is in these relations that the working meaning of the word is defined, not in the thing. Thus the denotation of "senescence" and "growing old" is identical—a seasonal ebbing and depletion of life, a slowing down and disintegration of the machinery of existence. But "growing old" relates this process to the visible social semblance of a man, to a wrinkling of skin, a whitening and falling out of hair, a stooping of shoulders, a loss of memory and reasonableness, while "senescence" links it with the system of inward physiological changes, deterioration of cell-structure, deposit of mineral salts, and so on. Water and hydroxid, salt and sodium chloride, denote precisely the same things, but their *meaning* is the systems of relationships they set these things in. Words are keys which unlock identical doors on different vistas. The vistas alone matter. Ultimately they define our appreciation of the nature and status of those things we mind because we wish, and those we mind because we must. The words that open them to us determine our theories of life for us. People who think of "growing old" as "senescence" and people who think of "senescence" as "growing old" have, in fact, radically different, if not opposed, *Weltanschauungen*.

Nor is this the end. The real meanings of words tend to contract, even as their denotation tends to become irrelevant. Instead of opening the doors of the mind upon visions, they lift the gates of the heart to feeling. Appreciation of them becomes habitual, reflex; their meaning is all in their sound. They touch off joy, depression, pleasantness, discomfort, instantaneously. There exists a distinct class of words affecting us so, value-words, to be distinguished sharply from meaning-words. Their head and front is the blessed word Mesopotamia. Philosophy and religion abound in them. Many a sounding philosopher has won fame and thanks from mankind for idiotic iteration of words like "reality," "spirit," "ideal," "infinite," "eternal," "immortality," "love." Think of Eucken. Think of that balm of Gilead—"in tune with the infinite." Think of the glow which that masterly phrase "Christian Science" evokes, or of the aura of well-being which is shed by the word "Christian" in any connection. Politics has its shibboleths no less—"progressive," "socialism," "radical." It was not for nothing that Shaw made the old gentleman tell John Tanner that he was a "radical" before Tanner was born. There resides in such words, value-words, an emotional significance intrinsic to the words themselves, independent of all meaning. They make fetiches of the things to which they are applied. They approve or condemn, regardless. They are the greatest of all conservators, the most effective of all intrenchments against intelligence and progress. Many a sane and just enterprise has been defeated by the epithet "socialistic"; more than one nefarious scheme advanced by "Christian."

Bacon was wrong. Words are only fools' counters. The wise man realizes that the hope of mankind depends upon the success with which society can be taught to give old things new names. When "growing old" will become generally accepted as "senescence" much of its hardship will vanish. For men will have abandoned the illusion of immortality, they will have acknowledged and learned to rejoice in the natural necessity which governs their being, they will have learned to rob death of its sting and the grave of its victory by going serenely to the end of the passage.

Education is the substitution of one vocabulary for another. The root of style is a theory of life whereby commonplace things are set in a cosmic perspective which is their meaning. And the sole perspective-giving tool we possess is the living word.

H. M. Kallen.

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# Literature

## THE CANDIDATES.

*Woodrow Wilson as President.* By Eugene C. Brooks. Chicago: Row, Peterson & Co.

*Charles E. Hughes: The Statesman as Shown in the Opinions of the Jurist.* By William L. Ransom. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

In the pending Presidential campaign, fortunately for the interest of intelligent voting, both the leading candidates have recent records in national affairs. President Wilson is asking for four years more in office on the strength of the use he has made of the last four, while Mr. Hughes has just quitted a chair in which he has sat for six years, settling questions of vital importance to the Federal and State governments by a non-executive process quite as significant of his attitude, and yet more conclusive in effect. The two books before us professedly aim at the same end—that of letting each man tell his own story through his acts or utterances. The literary difference between them is what might be looked for in view of the respective antecedents of the writers, one of whom is a judge in New York city and the other a college professor in North Carolina: Justice Ransom's draws its material from the reports of the Supreme Court of the United States, the author's function being little more than editorial and for the most part colorless; whereas Professor Brooks's is frankly eulogistic, as may be seen from its explanation, at the outset, of the "marvellous leadership" of Woodrow Wilson:

> He laid his hand upon monopoly, and it surrendered its power. He drove invisible government out of Washington and enthroned the people's representatives as sovereign in the nation's capital. He called to Europe when the mad nations had slipped their cables, and sanity returned. He stretched his hand to the Latin-American republics and they grasped it in an hour of peril, and the two continents became friends. He stood by the prostrate form of Mexico, her silent friend, and waited patiently for the rebirth of constitutional government. He kept "America First" aflame in the hearts of patriots and partisans until hatred was consumed, and America, the melting-pot of nations, was prepared to meet the crises of this new era.

By way of enlarging on this outline, Professor Brooks takes up, one by one, the several public topics which have drawn forth speeches, letters, or state papers from the President, and tells what followed in every instance, tracing as well as possible a relation of cause and effect between his deliverances and the advance of the nation along the path to "the new freedom." The tariff revision of 1913 is hailed as "the first stage in the journey"; the expansion of the currency by the Federal reserve banking system as the second stage; and the legislation supplementary to the Sherman Anti-Trust law—designated "the destruction of monopoly"—as the third and final stage. Then follows a survey of "the new foreign policy," which is interpreted to mean, on this hemisphere, the treatment of the Latin-American states as friends and equals, the encouragement of constitutional government among them, the acquisition of no new territory from them by conquest, the withholding of aid from American business operating among them by methods illegal at home, as well as from their own self-seeking revolutionists; in the Old World, the sort of good faith which was exemplified in the repeal of the Panama Canal tolls exemption, the upholding of American standards in all emergencies, strict adherence to the law of nations, and leading in all movements for the welfare of humanity.

Military, commercial, and industrial preparedness are treated at some length, but without as complete an explanation as might be wished of Mr. Wilson's changes of base, though Professor Brooks takes pains to remind the reader that when the President's first address on preparedness was delivered there were too many conflicting opinions in the nation, and the occasion was so close to the beginning of the war, when few men, indeed, had given the subject enough calm judgment to reach a safe conclusion. And Mr. Wilson, the statesman, stood in the midst of that surging life which was impossible of interpretation, save that the people wished to have nothing to do with war. A year later, however, experts were ready with definite information about the state of our defences. Moreover, the conduct of the belligerents and the menacing Mexican revolution brought into clearer light the dangers which threatened from without. And the President was ready to act.

When we turn to the other book, we find ourselves in a less eager and more business-like atmosphere. Judge Ransom is careful to assure his readers that his compilation of the opinions of Justice Hughes does "not undertake to establish or disprove the qualifications of Mr. Hughes for the Presidency of the United States, much less to argue for or against his election."

> The purpose is to present information which otherwise could be found only through delving through many volumes of law books, in such form as to make it understandable by a reader without legal training. . . . You may or may not like the manner of man disclosed. You may or may not feel that he should be chosen for the supreme office of the land—this volume is, in fact, concerned with none of these queries. Its purpose will be fulfilled if the lay reader finds fairly presented herein the information on which he can base a better estimate of Mr. Hughes.

The citations which follow are largely of cases dealing with issues of what we now style "social justice." One, for example, arose in Alabama out of a laborer's breach of contract with an employer from whom he had borrowed money; his refusal to pay the debt was threatened with punishment by a long term at hard labor and a fine of double the amount defaulted. Here Justice Hughes insisted that the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution meant just what it said, that the phrase "involuntary servitude," though primarily intended for application to African slavery, had a larger meaning, and that the prohibition may not be nullified by indirection. Other cases involved the question of statutory limitations upon the hours of labor of working-people, and Justice Hughes enunciated the proposition that "the length of hours of service has direct relation to the efficiency of the human agencies upon which protection to life and property necessarily depends," and that, though such limitations might be pushed to a wholly indefensible extreme, "in imposing limitations having reasonable relation to this end, there is no interference with liberty of contract as guaranteed by the Constitution."

A like principle animated his opinion sustaining the Illinois statute prohibiting the industrial employment of children under sixteen years of age. He took very advanced ground in approving the validity of an Iowa statute that prohibited contracts between a railway company and its employees, designed to limit the right of the latter to recover damages for injuries suffered in the course of their employment, even when such prohibition interfered with the operation of a "relief plan" to which both parties had subscribed. He also was one of the minority of three who stood out against the rest of the court in defence of a State law forbidding employers to discharge employees for membership in a trade union, declaring that an employee should have the same liberty as an employer to connect himself with a lawful combination.

His contributions to a broader but carefully guarded nationalism appear in several of the decisions cited, where the right of the Federal Government to intervene in matters which ordinarily would fall wholly within the province of a State to settle, has been called in question. Perhaps the most noteworthy instance was an appeal from the refusal of a United States District Judge in Georgia to issue a writ of habeas corpus on the petition of Leo M. Frank, convicted of murder in Atlanta. Frank had been tried in a State court of competent jurisdiction, but apparently under conditions of mob domination which practically extinguished any chance of his acquittal. The denial of a writ by the local Federal Court without taking any proof as to the fairness of the trial was upheld by a majority of the Supreme Court because, the trial court having complied apparently with the essential forms of judicial procedure, there was no warrant for the Federal Court's coming into the case. Justices Hughes and Holmes, however, dissented, asserting that the complaints made as to the way the jury was overawed by outsiders raised a question whether the accused were not actually suffering the deprivations forbidden by the Constitution without "due process" of law, and hence that the Federal authority might properly be invoked to enforce the Constitutional guarantee.

Besides its liberal review of Justice Hughes's judicial pronouncements, this com-

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pendium recalls his position on several important issues which came to the front during his Administration as Governor of New York. In appendices appear a complete table of the Justice's opinions written for the Supreme Court, and another of his dissents. Accompanying every title are the dates of argument and decision, the volume and page where the full report may be found, a statement of the action taken, and a very good epitome of the substance of the holding and of the majority and minority views whenever there was a division. There is also a fair index. This last feature is regrettably lacking from the book on Mr. Wilson, which also contains evidence in its occasional defective syntax, and such typographical errors as uniformly accenting the final "e" in "régime," of a too hasty revision.

## GENIUS AGAIN.

*Enoch Crane.* By F. Hopkinson Smith and F. Berkeley Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

*Pincus Hood.* By Arthur Hodges. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

*The Chorus.* By Sylvia Lynd. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

*The Sailor.* By J. C. Snaith. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

*Olga Bardel.* By Stacy Aumonier. New York: The Century Co.

The world is too much with us; and current fiction represents one convenient means of escape from that torture of facts which we are prone to confound with reality. Even the naturalists appear to have discovered that the average man does not interest the average man. The three or four recent novels of naturalistic pretensions which have been most widely read have exhibited a horse of another color. They do their best, it is true, to debase and deflower their artists and geniuses; but artist and genius remain, after all, the names they have conjured with. The artist, indeed, would appear to retain his charm not only for himself, but for his public. He is a romantic survival in a workaday world. Common rules are not for him. According to general standards, the standards which oppress you and me, he toils not, neither doth he spin. His joys are the joys of a sprite, his anguish the anguish of a god. What if he starves?—he is no man's slave. What if he sins?—that is his privilege. He has escaped; and the world looks after him in wonder and adoration. This at least is the literary tradition of him; for in real life we look at him distrustfully enough.

His cheaper and sicklier embodiment is the "Bohemian" of popular fable, the amiable scapegrace who lives in an attic, and drinks much red wine, and loves his ladies and bilks his creditors with equal good cheer, and wears his genius on his sleeve rather than up it, till the lost uncle dies and leaves him his demonstrable million. The younger of the joint authors of "Enoch Crane" has made great play with this young hero in the past, and from all signs regrets him here. The Joe Grimsby of the present story is a stalwart and honest young fellow, though a genius. Still it is possible for the chronicler to inform us, in detail, of those follies of the Latin Quarter which he had been among, if not of. His New York setting is mildly "Bohemian," that rather shabby dwelling which houses most of our assorted caste. It is cared for by a pair of Southern darkies who have served "the quality" in better days. Its other inmates are Joe and his serious partner in architecture; two spinsters of the old-fashioned sort; Enoch Crane, elderly lawyer and philanthrope; and finally that strange family of which the wife and mother is a pretentious fool, the husband and step-father an offensive knave, and the daughter a beautiful, virtuous, charming, and talented heroine of romance. Of outsiders who affect the action, the chief is one Lamont, a rascally man about town, a professional Lothario, whose knavish tricks at the expense of our Sue are in due time frustrated by the chivalrous Enoch. She falls, of course, to the worthy Joe. Really, the best that can be said for the story is that, in view of the circumstances, it is not so bad. The tale was sketched out, and three chapters were written, by the late F. Hopkinson Smith just before his death. Copious notes for the rest of the story were left, and the son has done his best to give them life.

A better story in a similar setting is "Pincus Hood." Here are artists if you like, here is bohemianism decked with its familiar properties. Here are the reckless young dreamers, playing, toiling, and loving, and starving among their dreams. Here, even, is the lost uncle or his equivalent, coming to the rescue in the nick of time. But here also is a fresh and unforced humor to enliven the ancient materials with the breath of true comedy. Pincus Hood himself is one of those elderly philosophers and friends to his kind who are among the current story-teller's familiar assets: Enoch Crane is another. But Pincus is more genial than Enoch—more a friend and less a philosopher, a person of far greater charm and reality. This in spite of the fact that his exploits are fantastic enough. Pincus keeps a little "art store" on upper Sixth Avenue, and yields the single floor above the shop to a "club" of young and indigent artists who pay neither for their clubroom nor for the artist's materials poor Pincus furnishes them. Pincus really knows a good picture when he sees it, and is convinced that more good pictures would be painted if struggling artists received a fair field. His dream is of a group of endowed galleries, where "one man" and other exhibitions may be given, without price, to deserving work. With the aid of a stanch friend or two, he actually gets his scheme taken up by certain persons of wealth and position. But they simply try to use it for their own purposes, and it remains for Pincus, as for the two chief figures among his young clients, to owe his glorification to chance (the lost uncle again) rather than to his deserts. Chris Mallory wins the big competition which establishes him, by the whim of a boss. Litchfield's uncle is an oil-well which begins to flow at the right moment. Pincus's ideal gallery is endowed by the rich girl of Chris's heart. A story, one might say, of sentiment rescued by dollars, but a story, on the other hand, in which no sacrifice is paid to dollars by sentiment. In short, a "pretty" story, but not, as it is handled, a silly one.

"The Chorus" is a tale in a very different key, a modern, detached, spade-speaking affair. Its scene is an English country house whose master is Anthony Hamel, free-lover and universal genius—painter, architect, decorator, worker in metals and pottery. He has a wife, who is admittably armed by nature against having her heart broken by the like of Anthony. She is a cool, selfish, beautiful, lazy-cat sort of woman, who overlooks Anthony's activities, amorous and other, with complaisance. Anthony is one of those men, perhaps more common in fiction than in fact, who are born to attract all women and to subjugate them at will. His path is beset by fluttering shapes through which, for the most part, he strides carelessly enough. The strongest member of his female entourage, Hilda Cameron, is a direct, boy-like girl, full of modern theories about the independence of women, yet unconsciously under Anthony's spell. She is serving a sort of apprenticeship with him, in a special field of ceramics. The Hamels keep open house, and Hilda brings there a little friend whom she has picked up casually. Nelly and Hilda are in strong contrast. Nelly is daughter of a rather disreputable Irish pair, who, engaged in their own dubious affairs, have pretty much left her to bring herself up. She has good impulses, and even possibilities of character. But she is the daughter of a coquette, not to say wanton, and is herself helplessly sex-conscious. In brief, she is at Hamel's mercy, and he does not spare her. After philandering with her for a time, he duly tires of her. He plans to escape to America, upon a plausible professional excuse. But desperate Nelly throws herself into his arms, with the result that he promises to take her with him—and deserts her brutally. Later, we have a parting glimpse of her in one of the secondary phases of her harlot's progress. Anthony goes his way scot-free. Alas, we have been called upon to admire many of these handsome invertebrate Anthonys of late. This one is less of a bore than most of his kind. But the story as a whole does not rise above its own cleverness. It is the first novel of a writer who is frankly of the post-Wellsian order. She is more concerned with seeing life sharply and objectively than with seeing it steadily and whole.

The central figure of "The Sailor" is a very different kind of person from our elegant Anthony. We have to take him (or leave him) not as an artist whose work is a product of high training under the best of

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conditions, but as a genius which finds itself, against all forecast. Henry Harper is a slum-bred child of unhappy parentage and brutal up-bringing. His first free breaths are drawn aboard a sailing-vessel, where his rough handling as cabin-boy is nothing in comparison with what he has been used to. As time goes on, he has dim longings for something better than the life he has known. But he is not a robust spirit, and spends his years before the mast for the most part dully and dumbly. A chance shipmate tries to teach him to read and write, but he is inert even about that. His nickname of "the sailor" has been given him in irony. He has no love for the sea, and never becomes a first-rate seaman. Yet he does not leave the sea till he is fairly set ashore. Then the miracle begins. The episode of his sudden rise and fall as a professional football player means little unless as showing that he is capable of being something more on land than at sea. Meanwhile he learns to read, and has no sooner read a little than the impulse to write seizes him: to such purpose that his first attempt gives him entry to a very high-class publication and instant fame. And this while grammatical speech remains far beyond him! It is a good deal to believe, even of a genius; and unless you believe it, the rest of the story is fantastic. We may say of Henry Harper, at least, that he is not a moral weakling. Simple goodness leads him into his first preposterous marriage to a street-woman. That either his genius or his goodness makes his second marriage to a lady of breeding and distinction less preposterous, we are by no means sure. Certainly, Mr. Snaith has made a bold departure from the traditional English view—as recently expressed, for example, in "The Stranger's Wedding," by Mr. W. L. George.

The author of "Olga Bardel" appears to have an equal disbelief in mechanical distinctions of class. His Olga is another slum child, another wanton's child, mysteriously endowed not only with genius, but with character. She makes her way upward far more rapidly than the sailor—so rapidly that even while she is being exploited as a child-prodigy, she has acquired the instincts as well as the speech and manner of a lady. All of Book I is the story of her rise to this point, her revolt at the insincerity and sham success of her career as a prodigy, and her eventual flight and refuge-finding under the roof of an American woman who is strong enough and wise enough to give her her real opportunity. The motive of Book II is rather like that of Mr. Rupert Hughes's recent story, "Clipped Wings." Olga has the making of one of the great musicians of the world, but she is intensely a woman, and is presently captured and married by a young Harry Streatham, who has no understanding of her—or of anything else, for that matter, except his own pleasure and comfort. Disillusion follows, and Olga's life cannot be filled by motherhood. She returns to her piano. While she is away on a tour, young Harry runs off with a pretty girl of his own type. Back in London, Olga finds it hard to advance in her profession. There is a painter named Braille for whom she has a real passion, returned, as she knows, by him, but he is out of England and she can get no trace of him; therefore, for the sake of her children, she permits herself to become the wife of a rich and kindly and elderly baronet. And, of course, after a time, the painter-lover turns up, and there is a great deal of anguish and uncertainty all round. Olga is quite ready to give up her second husband for him, as she would have given up her first. But Braille is a man of sense as well as of feeling, and will not have her on such terms; whereupon virtue is rewarded by the sudden demise of husband number two, and Braille becomes husband number three. This sounds in the summary like a cheap sort of stuff, but Mr. Aumonier treats it skilfully, and fairly makes us believe in his people and events. In the end, we are to take it that Olga's genius may find fuller expression before she is done with life. We shall look with uncommon interest for further work by this new novelist.

## NOVELS AND ROMANCES.

*The Advance of the English Novel.* By William Lyon Phelps. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50 net.

This collection of readable papers might perhaps have been more properly called "Notes on the English Novel." It affords a series of impressions of certain novels and novelists, rather than a sustained study of the field as a whole. And it does not clearly show that since the modern novel began, with Defoe and Richardson and Fielding, there has been any very amazing advance, unless in the matter of "high average workmanship." There is a little generalization in the opening chapter. During the two centuries of its existence, says Mr. Phelps, the novel in English has become vastly more popular, and vastly more respectable as well. Only within the past quarter-century has it become generally recognized as a dignified form of art. Its recent popularity, on the whole, has reacted unfavorably upon its quality as art. People with theories, people with nostrums, have taken advantage of it as a vehicle. This inspires Mr. Phelps to venture one of his few definitions: "If I were forced to make a definition, I should define a high-class novel in five words—*a good story well told.* How rarely do we find a perfect illustration! The number of people who are seeking in the welter of contemporary books to find 'good stories'—stories that shall at once be interesting, charming, clever, decent, and that shall not be treatises on politics, religion, or sociology—the number of such earnest seekers after amusement is pathetic. They want entertainment, and what are they doing? Many are turning from 'novels' to history, biography, letters, and essays to find it."

Well, then, if this is true, if the only novel worth bothering with is the "good story," and if the good story is a story that is interesting, charming, clever, and decent, and if such stories are now so dismally lacking, why talk about an "advance" of the English novel? "Robinson Crusoe" and "Tom Jones" and "Pamela" are as good stories, as interesting, and charming and clever stories, as the heart can desire. As for decency, the novelists are very busy removing any possible impression that here, at least, a real advance may be recorded. The truth appears to be that Mr. Phelps has so great a fear of pedantry that he eschews the methods of scholarship. Why should he be so shy of definitions? How can a critic make himself understood unless he establishes a common basis between himself and his auditor? Granted that a "high-class" novel must be first of all a good story—and this we are sure is true—mustn't we then, if we are to follow Mr. Phelps, know exactly what he means by a good story? Does he make that clear by his adjectives, "interesting, charming, clever, decent"? Are "amusement" and "entertainment" the sole ends of novel-reading, and if so, how is the novel to be held a dignified form of art? Or is that all any form of art is for—to amuse and to entertain? We must know how our critic stands upon some of these questions, if we are to find out what he is driving at. He does presently, and rather deprecatingly, suggest one pair of definitions: "It is somewhat unfortunate, in discussing the history of English prose fiction, that we cannot make a sharp distinction between the words 'romance' and 'novel.' We ought to mean by 'romance' a story where the chief interest lies, not in the characters, but in the events; as, for example, 'Quentin Durward.' By the word 'novel' we should denote a story where the principal stress falls, not on the succession of incidents, but on the development of the characters; an excellent illustration would be 'The Mill on the Floss.'" Later this is condensed into "Romances contain incident and novels analysis."

Now, if this is all definitions can do for us, we may as well continue to muddle along without them. No illuminating criticism of the novel can be based upon such slipshod distinctions. Certainly, in the art of fiction, the story's the thing. And, as certainly, we are conscious of two planes or atmospheres, on which, or in which, the good story may be achieved. But whether on the plane of the romance or of the novel (to adopt Mr. Phelps's terms) the merit of the good story lies in the merit of its action. In a pure romance that action is independent of characterization, but it is never a mere series of events, or "succession of incidents." Romance is the imaginative realization of the stuff that dreams are made on. It does not paint life, but it paints a vision of life. It begins and ends somewhere, it means something; at its greatest it has a far higher function than amusement—it gives us our escape, if only for a moment, from the world of fact-truth into the world of dream-truth. The novel, on the other hand—or, as we prefer to

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say, the story of true realism—embodies life, reveals the truth that hides in fact. And when it is a good story it does this by interpreting character—in action. Any "succession of incidents," as a detachable thing, is not only of minor importance in a good story of this graver order—it does not exist. Nor does characterization as apart from action exist there.

It is doubtless because the book lacks a critical ballast, which might have been supplied by a few valid distinctions of this sort, that it impresses us rather as a collection of amusing and often suggestive chats about certain novels and novelists, chiefly of our own day, than as a serious contribution to the history of the novel. After the wont of impressionist critics, Mr. Phelps relies much on assertion. For example, he is led by the contrast between the men and women of Richardson and Fielding to this dictum: "Now it is impossible to draw the character of a man convincingly without a sense of humor; whereas in the portrayal of a perfectly natural woman this quality is not necessary. Say what you will about the equality of the sexes, man is essentially a comic character; and woman, tragic." This is a taking dictum, but does it hold water? Have the really great tragic women of literature been a product of humorless genius? In his judgment of writers, also, Mr. Phelps often sets us down hard; as in his offhand assertion that George Meredith "is not really among the English poets." It is perhaps another consequence of our professor's horror of pedantry that he lets fall not infrequent solecisms: as in the phrase "a story where," quoted above; in asserting that "Sherlock Holmes is at this moment one of the best-known fictitious characters that has ever been created"; or that Henry James's "sympathy for his men and women is displayed more by an intense and profound interest in all that they do and say, rather than by demonstrative tenderness."

## THE CONCLUDING VOLUME OF PROFESSOR BALDWIN'S "THOUGHTS AND THINGS."

*Genetic Theory of Reality.* By James Mark Baldwin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The present volume, though published as a separate work, is properly the fourth and concluding volume, if we except some added anthropological and historical matter, of the writer's "Thoughts and Things" (or "Genetic Logic") and presents his "matured contribution to the theory of reality." The book has been in the reviewer's hands longer than is usual. Various circumstances have contributed to the delay, but the crowning "circumstance," ever tipping the scale in favor of to-morrow, has been an unconquerable aversion to the writer's hurried, sketchy, and slap-dash mode of writing; his countless, and barely consecutive, divisions and sub-divisions, his frequent asides, and his habit of rushing to the next point before the last has been fairly introduced. For a writer who finds his reality in æsthetic contemplation, the style is strangely suggestive of business correspondence. With all these defects, the book is none the less a considerable contribution to philosophical ideas; it abounds in suggestions that deserve to be called brilliant; and, as crowning the "Genetic Logic," it stands for a fairly notable achievement.

The sub-title gives us at once the subject and the problem of the work, "The Outcome of Genetic Logic as Issuing in the Æsthetic Theory of Realty Called Pancalism." Aristotle, Kant, and the German idealists, among others, have sought in the æsthetic category a reconciliation of the oppositions presented in logic and ethics between idea and fact, individual and universal, and self and the world. Baldwin proposes a similar solution, basing it, however, as he conceives, not upon formal analysis of the bare conceptions, but upon an empirical and genetic analysis of concrete thought and culture. This reveals in a general way (1) a primitive, pre-logical stage characterized by simple "immediacy," in which that passes for real which is given in impression—feeling or sensation—and social custom is accepted unthinkingly as the measure of value. At this stage self and the world are only vaguely distinguished, and the theory of reality characteristic of the stage is mysticism. Under the spur of functional, or practical, motives, thought passes, however, to (2) a logical, or scientific, stage, in which we find ourselves, as thinking and willing beings, confronted by facts and conditions which apparently take no account of our ends, while yet it seems that the character which they have, concretely, for us is the result of an activity of thought determined by practical motives. Historical theories of reality based upon this "mediate" stage—actuality-theories, based upon intellect or idealistic theories, based upon will—are shown by the author to be inevitably partial and inadequate.

(3.) A third, hyper-logical, stage is marked by a return to immediacy, but to a "higher immediacy," which, however, still exhibits a diversity of motive. The cognitive processes, which began in sensation, have ended in setting up self-evident truths, while moral values, which originated in practical utility, have developed into self-imposed and absolute ideals. Theories of reality based upon these diverse immediacies—such as intuitionism, absolute idealism, and higher mysticism—still present an opposition between will and knowledge, self and the world.

Professor Baldwin's task is to reconcile these oppositions in what may be called the final immediacy. The mental process which is to achieve this result, and by which such results are being actually achieved in racial development, is in general "the imagination"—the æsthetic function, which is found in such diverse features of mental life as, among others, the make-believe of children's play and the seemingly cut-and-dried "schematism of the categories" of Kant's "Pure Reason." "Imagination" is the process by which every stage of culture is transformed into the next. It would be difficult in a few words to outline the writer's deduction (or induction) of his thesis—better described as a marshalling of suggestions. The reconciling feature may be indicated by noting that in "imagination"—artistic creation and æsthetic contemplation—we realize our ideals freed from the restraints of logical categories and practical utilities, yet in touch with a genuine reality, which is not anything you please. In æsthetic contemplation consciousness seems "to throw away its lenses"—the apparatus of logical and scientific categories *through* which the world is surveyed for purposes of ordinary life—"and look directly into the face of reality." Hence, as against any partial, practical view, "the whole of reality would be the entire experience of the consciousness capable of grasping and contemplating it as an æsthetic whole."

Such a thesis doubtless expresses many a philosophical faith. But to make of it a solid philosophy requires—possibly for this thesis more than for any other—actual vision. We wish to know what the world looks like from the mountain-tops of æsthetic contemplation, and to see with our own eyes, in an imagination actually fulfilled, how the partial views of reality are severally transcended, yet justified. Professor Baldwin's style suggests that he is temperamentally incapable of giving us this vision. He points to the finger-posts and hurries on. And after a study of the finger-posts we feel that it is still to be demonstrated that all lead to the same goal—that the partial views are harmonized and severally fulfilled rather than merely set aside. We wonder, for example, whether the hunger of our practical and moral life would really be satisfied by "disinterested" æsthetic contemplation; and whether, on the other hand, the reality which we are to meet face to face will be a genuine object or only a "mode of consciousness."

Meanwhile, other doubts are suggested. One of Dr. Baldwin's suggestions is the following (p. 225): "There are as many weapons [for attacking the problem of reality] as there are contacts of mind with objects, modes of apprehending and enjoying objective things—and subjective things as well—and the true way of understanding reality involves the use of them all, for the full realization of the nature of things." This indicates the catholic spirit of the book. But if it be true that there are many weapons, why need we favor the æsthetic weapon? Why may we not say that the intellectual motive, fully satisfied, would lead as certainly to reality as the æsthetic motive; and therefore that truth is no less characteristic of reality than beauty? One feels that to demonstrate the need of a clearly "synthetic" theory, Mr. Baldwin has accepted too readily the traditional abstract conception of knowing. It might not be difficult to show that "imagination," instead of being merely a connecting link between knowledge and feeling, is implicated in any sort of consciousness. Such considerations need not, however, diminish the importance of the æsthetic motive for the theory of reality.

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## TWO VOLUMES ON DANTE.

*Dante.* By Jefferson B. Fletcher. New York: Henry Holt & Co. (Home University Library of Modern Knowledge, No. 101.) 50 cents net.

*Dante: How to Know Him.* By Alfred M. Brooks. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.25 net.

Professor Fletcher's book is not for the novice. The opening pages are a veritable *selva selvaggia* of assumption and strange argument sprung in an air of mystic allegory; and the whole work, compact, allusive, challenging, requires for its intelligence a ready knowledge of Dante's verse and prose in their whole extent. The first essay attempts to interpret the loves of Dante; the second sets forth his teachings, political, moral, and religious; the third estimates and illuminates his art.

Threefold, like Dante's poem, this book is a comedy, too, just in Dante's sense; for it begins ill and ends extremely well. The third essay and the latter part of the second will rank with the best English criticism of Dante. The thought is sure and swift, the phrasing lively, often memorable.

Mr. Fletcher pleads eloquently the permanent moral value of the "Commedia." To grant the poem supreme poetic beauty while denying it a still more vital power is not only to ignore Dante's purpose, explicit and profoundly felt, but to reveal an atrophy of the very faculties he sought to keep divine. The systematic shell of Dante's universe is gone, but the inner truths of man and God —the bitterly bruised *vinco d'amor che fa natura*, the straying search of the soul that will not rest until it find—these remain; and Dante's teaching is, therefore, continually wise.

The Carlylean conception of Dante as a rebellious solitary is fairly fought and conquered here. Dante was, in fact, of a nature sociable and sympathetic—whence his wide and deep experience of mankind, and the friendships he so lovingly records. He was, moreover, resolutely orthodox in loyalty to Church and State. Tragedy is no less poignant because its hero is conservative; and it is most heroic when the ideals conserved are such as Dante cherished and proclaimed.

Of Dante's art Mr. Fletcher writes with insight and justice. His incidental comments are often very successful, a sentence now and again relighting a whole scene: "An effect worthy of Rembrandt, for instance, is the sudden glory of the angelic messenger against the flame-shot murk of the City of Dis."

He holds always, and rightly, that the formal beauty must not be dissociated from the informing spirit. "This interpenetration of the sensuous and the significant is perhaps the dominant virtue of Dante's art." Other virtues are ably noted and defined, among them one common to Dante and his critic: "He was by nature subtle-minded, and the native quality was obviously fostered by his scholastic training. He was ingenious also, and rejoiced in the difficult for its own sake. . . . Dante himself at moments almost forgets the warning of another maxim of Goethe's: 'Art must never become mere artistry.' Fortunately, his high seriousness of purpose saved Dante from this defect of his quality."

But Mr. Fletcher does not find virtue everywhere; and his praise is the more telling for his readiness to condemn in part. Certain masks and certain metaphors—demoniac guardians, scholastic intricacies—are æsthetically dead, even as the concentric spheres are dead in belief. Yet what a world of life remains, what vision, and what song!

In the interpretation of the "Vita Nuova" and the "confessional" parts of the "Convivio" Mr. Fletcher still wanders through paths long marked as treacherous. The "Vita Nuova," he maintains, is in essence, like the "Commedia," a religious allegory. "Symbolically shadowed forth through the personal confession of the 'New Life' is the gospel of human redemption through the love of Christ"; the death of Beatrice corresponds to the Atonement, the Lady of the Window to the Tempter, the apparition of Beatrice to the Incarnation. Again, Beatrice represents the contemplative life; the Window-Lady, active life pursued in disregard of the contemplative; the same lady, on reappearance in the "Banquet," active life pursued in due relation to the contemplative.

Here, surely, the critic's delight in subtlety has annihilated both his bibliographical conscience and his usually active sense of humor. This is not the place to prove again the general weakness of the allegorical theory (*Nation* readers may refer to Professor Shaw's letter in the issue for March 13, 1913); two peculiar aspects of Mr. Fletcher's argument crave, however, immediate refutation. He schematizes the "Vita Nuova" thus: sin, retribution, forgiveness in the lifetime of Beatrice; sin, retribution, forgiveness after her death. The first retribution was, of course, the withholding of the salutation; but the forgiveness? Mr. Fletcher says that Dante, "humbled and contrite, received again through her mercy forgiveness and new peace." This is wholly unwarranted. There is not the slightest indication in the "Vita Nuova" that Beatrice ever renewed her greeting; the absence of that renewal is indeed a main element in the tragedy. The "forgiveness" in the second half of the scheme breaks down as well. Dante in "una forte imaginazione" beholds Beatrice as he had first beheld her; but we are not told that she of her volition appeared in order to forgive. Moreover, if she had forgiven him just then the allegory would be most immoral, for he had just then reached contentment in his sin!

Later, Mr. Fletcher speaks of the coming of the pilgrims to Florence "drawn by the fame of the dead Beatrice"; and founds thereon an inference as to the relation of Dante's pilgrim spirit to his dead lady. But the pilgrims were not drawn to Florence by the fame of the dead Beatrice. Dante says of them: "Non credo che anche udissero parlare di questa donna, e non ne sanno neente."

Many of Mr. Fletcher's references to the "Divine Comedy" show a like carelessness. "Francesca da Rimini and Count Ugolino confess their sin": Ugolino does not utter a word as to his own guilt. For the late repentant in Antepurgatory "the penalty of delay is but thrice the duration of remissness": according to Belacqua, the delay equals the length of life on earth. The lines "Aguzza qui, lettor . . ." have nothing to do with St. Lucy. The examples on the terrace of sloth are proclaimed not by "the penitent chorus," but by four chosen souls. The *la* of "Purg." xxiv, 45, refers to Lucca, not to the lady. Virgil, at the stairs' end, "commits further guidance of his charge" not to Matelda, to whom he does not speak, but to Dante himself. The angels are hardly "staled by frequence" in the "Paradise": none appear in the first twenty-seven cantos. "The redeemed are actuated by one sole impulse—meek love"—St. Peter, for instance. "Latter-day Christian living is . . . for the most an ineluctable 'race unto death'": not ineluctable while man has free-will.

The æsthetic judgments and comparisons are usually admirable; there is one that glares by contrast: "The most nearly perfect illustrator of the 'Paradise' would have been, I think, Fra Angelico"—an idea developed at some length. Mr. Fletcher can hardly have seen the delectable garden-party that Fra Angelico did paint.

Professor Brooks's "Dante," for the novice and none other, is more to be commended in plan than in performance. It is a prose translation of selected portions of the "Divine Comedy"—representing perhaps a third of the whole poem—with an introduction, summaries, and notes. On such a plan a gifted writer, familiar with the language of Dante and with modern Dante criticism, might well make a book valuable in itself and conducive to a real study of the "Commedia." Mr. Brooks has evidently an excellent knowledge of Italian—the mistranslations are few and slight—but he lacks both style and scholarship.

The novice who trusts to him will learn, *inter alia*, that the souls in Limbus are quite without fault and are not damned; that the sinners of the fifth bolgia are "barterers" (p. 50) or "malicious stirrers-up of discord" (p. 106); that *Vexilla regis prodeunt inferni* are "the opening words of a hymn in honor of the Cross"; that Virgil cannot enter the Earthly Paradise; and that Eunoë equips the soul for that happy place. He will learn, too, strange cosmic lore: "Heaven, Hell, and Purgatory had as clearly marked positions in the thirteenth century universe as Europe, Asia, and Africa have on a terrestrial globe of the present day"; "surrounding this spheral unit, the Earth, there are nine concentric hollow hemispheres." He may study Satan's fall and the creation of Hell in two pages that are quite topsy-turvy. And if he fail to understand, a "homely and simple equipment" is prescribed. "All that is necessary in making the experiment or demonstration is an apple, a bit of cardboard, and

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a string. We will begin with the Heavenly Hierarchy. Cut the cardboard to a round and put the string through the centre. . . ." A needle is later advised as auxiliary, and a sharp pen-knife for the excavation of Hell. We are not told how the *gran verme* is represented.

For the style, these specimens may suffice: "The bond of being citizens of the same city, Mantua, and love of their common birthplace, causes the haughty, high-bred Sordello to come out of himself and welcome Virgil, who, as yet, he knows merely as a fellow-citizen"; "If I were nought but living soul, which is the last part of man created, O Love that governs Heaven, well do You know that it was Your light, shining through the eyes of Beatrice, which carried me on high"; "O Eternal Light, that in Yourself dwells apart, and alone understands Yourself, and by Yourself understood and understanding, loves Yourself, and smiles upon Yourself"; "Turning his eyes to Beatrice, they are still in the ninth sphere, he bursts forth about her once more."

Mr. Brooks in his notes and summaries incessantly bursts forth about the "amazing loveliness" of Dante.

## THE UNDERSTANDING OF MR. DREISER.

*Plays of the Natural and the Supernatural.* By Theodore Dreiser. New York: John Lane Co. $1.25 net.

In the mud and scum of things something always sings to the not over-nice ear of Mr. Dreiser. Relentlessly pursuing the ugly, he has bagged in these seven short plays: a death through an illegal operation ("The Girl in the Coffin"); the death of an idiot struck by a railway train ("The Blue Sphere"); the removal of a tumor ("Laughing Gas"); the murder of an Italian gambler by his brother, the fruit-peddler ("In the Dark"); the drifting of pagan priests, monks, hags, wastrels, nymphs, and fauns through a city church ("The Spring Recital"); a domestic row and smash-up—we use the words for their "connotative" value—in the "best residence section of an old but fashionable district in the heart of a great city" ("The Light in the Window"); and the dribbling and decay of a ragpicker ("Old Ragpicker").

Those whose appetite for this sort of thing is not yet equal to one of the author's immense novels may well be recommended to try his flavor here. Though, of course, without the massiveness of his narrative fictions, these little dramas give a very fair impression of his surly sincerity and crude power. No one can question his ability to use his physical eyes and ears, and to find words for the sensational life. His minor personages in particular—policemen, workmen, street Arabs—fairly reek with actuality; and more elaborate studies like the labor leader in "The Girl in the Coffin" and the ragpicker have an advantage over the heroes and heroines of the novels in being presented without explicit "philosophical" commentary. Any one who has had the pleasure of lying on an operating table under an anæsthetic may repeat his sensations at leisure, and, on the whole, without very serious after-effects, by reading "Laughing Gas." The subject seems perhaps slightly "rococo"; yet, as in these days of facile surgery almost every one has had the experience, it may be said to possess one requisite of a classical theme—universal interest.

The well-written advertisement on the jacket of the volume advises us the plays "possess that artistic and philosophical unity which takes them at once out of the realm of reportorial realism and places them in the profounder category of achievement where one becomes conscious of the motivating impulses of existence, of the psychological undercurrents of causation, of the great flux and reflux of human striving and aspiration." We fail to discover much in them—or in Mr. Dreiser's other works, for that matter—of essentially human "striving and aspiration"; but the rest of the statement is sound enough. Through his piquantly original dramatic persons—chemical elements, voices, phantoms, and squalid human creatures—Mr. Dreiser does manage to express his curious gloomy bewilderment about the universe, his sense of the hollow hypocrisy of religion, his conviction of the impotence of ideas and the omnipotence of animal and mechanical forces, his somewhat sardonic satisfaction in brutality, his æsthetic pleasure in what he conceives to be man's natural tendency to degradation.

Horridly interesting, original, and, we believe, honest, work like this reminds one in a roundabout way—undoubtedly Mr. Dreiser intended that it should—of certain ancient saws about the function of art: "Through the contemplation of works of art, to keep alive in the mind a high unapproachable ideal"; or "The highest aim of art is beauty, and its last effect the feeling of pleasure"; or "The object of art is to raise man above common life and to waken in him a sense of his divine origin." These are rather pretty and winsome notions; one clings to them. Before one who has pleased one's self with them can yield to the seductions of Mr. Dreiser's art and his philosophy, one wants to be assured that one cannot help it. One wants to be certain that Mr. Dreiser has seen all and said the last word. It would be a great satisfaction to know, for example, what none of his works betray, that he thoroughly understood some of the genuinely fine products of civilization—for instance, a lady or a gentleman.

## LINCOLN AS LAWYER.

*Abraham Lincoln, the Lawyer-Statesman.* By John T. Richards. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.50 net.

We have in this volume not a biography of the great President, but a study of his career as a lawyer. The records of the courts in which Lincoln practiced have been carefully searched, the reported cases which he argued are summarized, and the conclusion is reached that he "was one of the truly great lawyers of his generation." Until his debate with Douglas, his eminence was due solely to his success at the bar. No one thought of him in the terms of Senator Lodge's description of Webster, as "a great man practicing law," but rather as a sound legal counsellor and a persuasive advocate. And when he entered public life, his attitude was that of Senator Root—he simply changed clients: his country took the place of individual suitors. The fact that railway corporations employed him is evidence of his high professional standing, but this employment in no way disqualified him for service as counsel for the nation when he became Chief Magistrate.

Such at least is Mr. Richards's view. To him, Lincoln is preëminently the lawyer-statesman, rather than the political leader. The Constitution was to Lincoln the chart by which the Republic was to be guided, even during a great rebellion. He was opposed to its frequent or hasty amendment; though in his annual message of 1862 he recommended such alteration as would enable any State to compensate owners of slave property for the fair valuation of voluntarily emancipated slaves. He was not in favor of conferring universal suffrage upon the freedmen, but believed that the question of suffrage should be left to the respective States. In short, he brought to the consideration of the most important governmental problems the habits of thought of a constitutional lawyer, not those of a political radical. Had he lived through his second Presidential term, it is the belief of Mr. Richards that there would have been no break between the Executive and Congress, and that the country would have been spared the misfortunes of the reconstruction era. He accepts Blaine's declaration that "Lincoln had acquired so complete an ascendancy over the public mind in the loyal States that any policy matured and announced by him would have been accepted by a vast majority of his countrymen"; and Mr. Richards is convinced that Lincoln, who "was ever sagacious, tactful, and firm, would have found a method of reconciling the people of the rebellious States to the new conditions, without resorting to the extreme measures" which were adopted by Congress under the leadership of Sumner and Stevens.

Mr. Richards discusses fully and in an admirable manner Lincoln's criticism of the Dred Scott decision. He finds in this no trace of disrespect for the Supreme Court or any other judicial tribunal; no precedent for the violent assaults of the last decade upon the judiciary, and no justification for the claim that the conservative Lincoln ever entertained the thought of subjecting judges or judicial decisions to a recall by popular vote. On the other hand, he declares that "Lincoln never said anything from which it can be inferrred that he favored any policy which would curtail even in the slightest degree the independence of the judiciary," while numerous utterances show that "he regarded such independence as of supreme

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importance under our system of government."

Unstinted as is the author's admiration of Lincoln as a lawyer, he is not a blind worshipper, and never hesitates to dissipate a myth when occasion calls for it. The tale which has been repeated frequently of Lincoln's first argument in the Illinois Supreme Court, is shown to be without foundation in fact. As Herndon tells it, Lincoln appeared for the appellant and informed the Court that he had not been able to find any authority in his favor, but had found several cases on the other side. He then gave his citations to the Court and submitted the case. Unfortunately for the myth, Lincoln's first appearance in that court was for the appellee, and no such incident occurred. In the first case where he appeared for the appellant he presented a very elaborate brief and cited many authorities in his favor.

Another myth that envelops Lincoln's fame as a practitioner is that he never took advantage of technicalities. Here, again, the court records show that the biographer has given his fancy free rein. Lincoln's briefs disclose the fact that "he was no less inclined to take advantage of a technical defence, than any other member of the bar whenever the interests of his client seemed to justify that course." Undoubtedly, Judge Caton expressed the opinion of Lincoln's contemporaries that "frankness and candor were two great elements in his character which contributed to his success." None of them, however, had any occasion to think of him as a Don Quixote of the bar.

# Notes

Forthcoming publications of the Macmillan Company are as follows: "Water Babies," by Charles Kingsley, new edition; "King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table," by T. Malory, new edition; "Master Simon's Garden," by Cornelia Meigs; "A Lad of Kent," by Herbert Harrison; "Hoof and Claw," by C. G. D. Roberts.

The J. B. Lippincott Co. will publish this week "Old Glass and How to Collect It," by J. S. Lewis; "The English Drama in the Age of Shakespeare," by W. Creizenach, translated from the Polish; "Winter Journeys in the South," by J. M. Hammond; "Ian Hardy Fighting the Moors," by E. H. Currey; "War Inventions and How They were Invented," by C. R. Gibson; "Marvels of Scientific Invention," by T. W. Corbin; "Parks," by G. Burnap; "Daring Deeds of Famous Hunters," by E. Young; "Daring Deeds of Famous Pirates," by E. K. Chatterton; "Open That Door," by R. S. Ingersoll; "Training for the Stage," by A. Hornblow; "Training for the Newspaper Trade," by D. C. Seitz; "The Wonder of Work," by J. Pennell; "Saints and Their Emblems," by M. and W. Drake; "The Golden Book of English Sonnets," by W. Robertson; "Fight for Food," by L. A. Congdon; "Betty at Fort Blizzard," by Molly E. Seawell. Juveniles: "Blackbeard's Island," by R. S. Holland; "With Sam Houston in Texas," by E. L. Sabin; "Keep Well Stories," by May F. Jones; "Pinocchio," a new addition to the Stories All Children Love series. Also two numbers in the Farm Manual series, Gay's "Horse Husbandry," and Woll's "Feeding of Farm Animals," second edition.

Henry Holt & Co. announce for early publication the following volumes: "Slaves of Freedom," by Coningsby Dawson; "The Girl," by Katherine Keith; "Complete Course in Modern Business Arithmetic," by H. A. Finney.

Harper & Brothers announce the publication this week of "America and the New Epoch," by C. P. Steinmetz; "The Shining Adventure," by D. Burnet; "The Incredible Honeymoon," by E. Nesbit; "The Way to the House of Santa Claus," by F. H. Burnett.

Houghton Mifflin Company announces the publication of the following volumes: "Filling His Own Shoes," by H. C. Rowland; "With the Turks in Palestine," by A. Aaronsohn; "Aspects of the Infinite Mystery," by G. A. Gordon; "French Perspectives," by Elizabeth S. Sergeant; "The Syrian Christ," by A. Rihbany, and "Riders of the Stars," by H. H. Knibbs.

Longmans, Green announce the forthcoming publication of the following: "Light and Shade in War," by M. Ross; "The Days of Alkibiades," by C. E. Robinson; "A Statement of the Christian Faith," by H. H. Kelly; "A Book of Instruction for Church People," by the Rev. W. Carey; "Spirit, Matter, and Miracle," by the Rev. T. B. Strong and the Rev. W. Sanday; "Form and Content in the Christian Tradition," by the Rev. W. Sanday and N. P. Williams; "The Penitent of Brent," by M. Wood.

The Century Company announces for publication the following volumes: "How the World Makes Its Living," by L. G. McPherson; "Three Midnight Stories," by A. W. Drake; "The Leatherwood God," by W. D. Howells; "Kildares of Storm," by Eleanor M. Kelly; "A Country Chronicle," by G. Showerman; "Partners of the Night," by L. Scott; "The Golden Book of the Dutch Navigators," by H. W. van Loon; "Our Nation in the Building," by Helen Nicolay; "A History of Ornament," by A. D. F. Hamlin; "The New Interior," by Hazel H. Adler; "Famous Sculpture," by C. L. Barstow; "War and Laughter," by James Oppenheim; "The Night Count and Other Verse," by Ruth C. Mitchell; "Trenching at Gallipoli," by J. Gallishaw; "Wonder-Box Stories," by W. Bradley.

The following volumes are included in the October list of Putnams: "A College Girl," by Mrs. G. deH. Vaizey; "Ordeal by Fire," by M. Berger; "Life at the United States Naval Academy," by R. Earle; "The Life and Letters of Theodore Watts-Dunton," by T. Hake and A. C. Rickett; "The Organism as a Whole—from a Physico-chemical Viewpoint," by J. Loeb; "Social Rule," by Elsie C. Parsons; "Jesus and the Christian Religion," by F. A. Henry; "The Kingdom of the Mind," by J. M. Keniston; "Andvari's Ring," by A. Peterson; "The Growth of a Legend," by F. Van Langenhove. This company, acting as the American representatives of the Cambridge University Press, announces the publication of the following volumes: "The Divine Aspect of History," two volumes, by J. R. Mozley; "British and Foreign Marbles and Other Ornamental Stones," by J. Watson; "Adventures of the Christian Soul," by K. J. Saunders; "Growth in Length," by R. Assheton.

Publications of George H. Doran & Co. are announced as follows: "Recollections of an Alienist," by Dr. A. McL. Hamilton; "More Wanderings in London" and "Cloud and Silver," both by E. V. Lucas; "My Table-Cloths: A Few Reminiscences," by Mrs. Alec-Tweedie; "Picture Book for the French Red Cross," by E. Dulac; Madame Melba's "Gift Book," published in aid of the Belgian Relief Fund; "My Home in the Field of Honour," by F. W. Huard; "The Self-Discovery of Russia," by J. Y. Simpson; "Life and Living," by Amelia J. Burr; "Fibble, D. D.!" by I. S. Cobb; "The Woodcraft Girls at Camp," by Lillian E. Roy; "The Wandering Dog," by Marshall Saunders; "The Lion's Share," by Arnold Bennett; "Local Color," by I. S. Cobb; "A Gilded Vanity," by R. Dehan; "The Triumph of Tim," by H. A. Vachell; "Leatherface," by Baroness Orczy; "The Snow Burner," by H. Oyen; "Kinsmen," by P. J. Cooney; "Good Old Anna," by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes; "The Bride of a Moment," by Carolyn Wells; "An Average Woman," by W. D. Bank; "The Last Ditch," by W. L. Comfort; "The Vermilion Box," by V. Lucas; "The Great Push," by P. MacGill; "The Unknown Mr. Kent," by R Norton; "The Power-House," by J. Buchan; "The Daughter Pays," by Mrs. Baillie Reynolds; "Mary Slessor of Calabar," by W. P. Livingstone; "In Spite of the Handicap," by the Rev. James D. Corothers; "The Grand Adventure," by Dr. Robert Law; "Wandering Stars," by the Rev. Andrew Hansen; "Last Sermons in S. Alban's, Holborn," by Father Stanton, edited by E. F. Russell.

"Dostoievsky, his Life and Literary Activity," by Evgenii Soloviev, translated from the Russian by C. J. Hogarth (Macmillan; $1.75 net), is a brief, sympathetic, and, on the whole, discriminating account of a great novelist. One reservation is necessary: Soloviev, writing for a Russian public, passes over in silence, or with a mere allusion, some topics that would demand detailed treatment from a foreign critic; his book assumes a knowledge of Dostoevski's main works, and is not always easy reading even for persons well acquainted with them. After a preliminary discussion of Dostoevski's general significance in the literature of Russia, Soloviev gives a sketch of his life and an account of the changing characteristics of his writings. He speaks with fine discrimination of his attitude towards the Socialist movement, and of the effect exercised on him by his term in prison. He summarizes admirably the general literary characteristics of Russia in the "forties" and in the "sixties" of the last century. He defines clearly Dostoevski's attitude towards the Russian peasants and towards the *intelligentsia*, or educated minority not members of the higher aristocracy. Admitting the emotional, unreasoning character of Dostoevski's political theories, he still sees in him a powerful and wholesome influence towards bridging the gulf between the classes. He often allows Dostoevski to state his views in his own words, so that they may be estimated without the intrusion of the critic's personality. While he admires Dostoevski's genius with perhaps an excessive enthusiasm, Soloviev never becomes dithyrambic, and never exalts his author by berating Tur-

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genev or Tolstoy. His volume deserves a warm welcome as an aid towards understanding a great Russian writer from a Russian point of view.

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The problems arising from the chronic increase in the number of industrial disputes, attendant upon the return of industrial prosperity, would make peculiarly timely an exhaustive and critical analysis of the agencies for industrial peace in this country. Unfortunately, "Industrial Arbitration," by Carl H. Mote (Bobbs-Merrill; $1.50), does not perform this valuable function. The task undertaken by the author is an appraisal of the systems of industrial arbitration operative in the majority of the civilized countries of the world. The result is a chronological catalogue of legislative and administrative acts stripped bare of all discussion of underlying principles. If the book can be said to have a thesis, it is that industrial disputes are not likely to occur where the state makes efforts to improve the conditions of the working population by the adoption of a comprehensive scheme of social legislation; and that, after all, the machinery of industrial arbitration is only of secondary importance, since where social legislation is absent industrial arbitration cannot be effective, and where social legislation is in force arbitration is not needed. It is significant that the statutory minimum wage, which is included in the author's list of approved social measures, in the eyes of such a careful student of the subject as Tawney, merely paves the way for the organization of labor unions among the workers who are the beneficiaries of minimum wage laws. That such an extension of labor organization will inevitably result in further strikes is clear. Nor is it unreasonable to expect a somewhat similar, if perhaps a less positive, manifestation to follow in the wake of the other types of social legislation.

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The importance in a work of scientific pretensions of carefully sifting material, and of making adequate comparative analyses, with a view to deriving fundamental principles, has apparently not been appreciated by the author. The book, for example, contains a chapter on the very important subject of trade agreements. Here at least, was an opportunity for searching study; for the classification of successful and unsuccessful agreements; for the elucidation of points of weakness and strength. But again the discussion represents an enumeration, in this case not complete, of various agreements. Furthermore, frequent misstatements of fact have crept into the text. In one place (p. 62) the author discusses a group of industries which he considers the "source of most of our industrial disturbances." According to the report on strike statistics of the United States Department of Labor, this group of industries in the period from 1880 to 1905 was responsible for less than 25 per cent. of the total number of strikes in the United States. It is stated that over 1,000,000 persons were employed in coal-mining in the United States in 1909. The Census of Occupations of 1910 gives the total number of persons employed in coal mines in the United States in 1910, including employers, as 670,811. The brief discussion of trade-unionism at the beginning of the book (p. 14) attests a misconception of the trade-union standard rate. Gilman's well-known "Methods of Industrial Peace" is quoted as Gillman's "Methods of Industry" (p. 256).

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In Odell Shepard's "Shakespeare Questions" (Houghton Mifflin; 50 cents net), the groups of "General Questions" seem more suggestive than the "Detailed Questions." But even the latter are less formidable than such lists generally are, and leave the victim less desperately willing to hang himself in the noose of the inevitable interrogation point. The queries are skilfully framed and give, as well as demand, some information.

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It may be said, on the whole, that American professors responded with credit, and not infrequently with distinction, to the general mobilization occasioned by the Shakespeare tercentenary. In "Shakespeare Studies," by Members of the Department of English of the University of Wisconsin (Madison: Published by the University), are mustered a dozen men and one woman, all of whom have something fresh and honest to add, on demand, to stores already enormous. The papers which make up the book are of all sorts, from William Ellery Leonard's octave of sonnets, "On the Self of William Shakespeare," to severely technical studies in Elizabethan drama, such as Professor Hubbard's "Locrine and Selimus," where a troublesome little matter seems to be set finally at rest, and Mr. Louis Wann's clear-headed effort to apportion the collaborative work of Beaumont, Fletcher, and Massinger. Not too far from the realm of *Kleine Mittheilungen* must be placed Professor Campbell's description of the Dutch "Richard III"; Professor Young's account, with quotation from hitherto not fully published records, of the defence of the stage undertaken by William Gager, the Christ Church dramatist; and Professor Dodge's researches into the curious sixteenth-century practice of rhyming a stressed with an unstressed syllable (*posterity: obscúrity*), which, by the way, may have derived some sanction from mediæval Latin verse. Three pleasant excursions into the field of Shakespeare's later reputation are afforded by Miss Campbell's account of Garrick's own private little Shakespeare Jubilee in 1769, by Prof. Henry A. Burd's estimate of Ritson as an editor, a man who merits a more extensive monograph, and by Professor Roe's summary of Lamb's opinions of the poet.

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In total impression the volume is plainly not ambitious to seem more than it is, an index of the genuine scholarly preoccupations of the authors; not every one of them feels constrained to pluck out the heart of the mystery. Yet there is no fear of a broad field, as shown by Prof. Thomas H. Dickinson's paper on "Some Principles of Shakespeare Staging," which touches on the changing conditions of three hundred years; there is acute analysis in Arthur Beatty's study of the effects of the "sonnet habit" on Shakespeare's dramatic expression, and in Prof. John R. Moore's exposition of Shakespeare's subtle adaptation to character and action of the then novel device of incidental song; and, finally, there is in Prof. J. F. A. Pyre's discussion of Shakespeare's employment of pathos a felicity of expression, after a rather clumsy start, and a fulness of illustration which would bestow distinction on any volume. It is to be regretted that the presswork is not above reproach.

The address which Prof. George E. Woodberry delivered at the recent Shakespeare celebration at Brown University, and which is now handsomely printed for the Woodberry Society (Merrymount Press), abounds in exclamation points. It is, though, in effect more of an elegy than a pæan. Shakespeare, it appears, is the child of the Renaissance, and the Renaissance is growing old-fashioned; in consequence, Professor Woodberry sees Shakespeare receding in the pathetic evening radiance that invests for him the paintings of Pompeii and the ruins of the Parthenon. The ordinary reader may find this a little difficult to reconcile with another view put forth in the lecture according to which Shakespeare is hailed as the blazing star of Romanticism; and the business of Romanticism, we are told, is to plough in the fields of the future, and, we may infer, to sow the dragon's teeth which shall eventually confound the ranks of Formalism. For the romantic critic, however, there is no contradiction; there is only that mystery which both in life and in art it is his delight to find and his duty to render still more mysterious. As a lecture, however, it was gracefully and finely done; the language, to borrow one of its own phrases, again and again "breaks like a constellation into stars."

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There is an intimate picture of France's famous regiment, the Foreign Legion, in Edward Morlae's personal story, "A Soldier of the Legion" (Houghton Mifflin; $1 net). He is not concerned with any part of its legendary history beyond his own experiences as an American who saw some fierce fighting with the regiment from August to October, 1915, and was promoted and awarded the Croix de Guerre for gallantry. Sergeant Morlae writes like a soldier whose taste for fighting and adventure had already taken him to the Philippines and Mexico. He writes unlike the people who have read Kipling and Stephen Crane. He has the virtues of other soldier writers—bluntness, directness, and all that; his only glimpses of tactic were derived from his own intelligent participation in local movements. But there is an organization about his memories and impressions that does credit to his American public school education, apart, no doubt, from any literary atmosphere derived from the publisher's sanctum, where he casually appeared with his "story." Sergeant Morlae allows no false sense of *camaraderie* to gloss his opinions of his fellows in the historic regiment of outcasts. He leaves the tribute to their bravery in the passing mention of its admission to an equal footing with regiments of the line by President Poincaré, and the presentation of a battle-flag, after twelve months of gallant fighting. Hitherto the Foreign Legion soldier has had no military rights; hereafter it will be interesting to see what changes of sentiment will befall one of the most interesting of French regiments. In Sergeant Morlae's company there were Russians, Turks, an Annamanite, a Hindu, Bulgars, Serbs, Greeks, an American negro, an Italian, and a Fiji Islander just "down" from Oxford. To this aggregate he adds a lone German. The record is vividly told, and the inevitable glimpses of a rough, lawless, and cynical body of gallant and disciplined men are convincing and quite simply human.

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"L'Angleterre et la Guerre" (Paris: Henri

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Didier; 3.50 fr.), by Charles Cestre, is more than a mere estimate of England's participation in the present war. It is also an attempt to explain the history and ideals of England to the French people so that a sympathetic understanding may furnish the basis of a permanent *entente*. The author, who was formerly connected with Harvard and has many friends in America, is now professor of English in the University of Bordeaux. He is naturally well-versed in English literature. More surprising is the grasp he has on English history and politics. He realizes, for example, as few Germans and not many Frenchmen have done, that the guiding principle of English foreign policy has always been to preserve the balance of power in Europe, that the British Empire is more the product of accident than of design, and that the old imperialism of expansion has given way to an imperialism of union. It is an irony of history to find a Frenchman dispelling the myth of "la perfide Albion" and attempting an explanation, if not an actual defence, of the Boer War as one of those inevitable conflicts between an advancing civilization and a backward people. England, M. Cestre points out, is the mother of liberty and parliamentary government. The English notion of freedom slowly broadening down from precedent to precedent, which Burke so eloquently upheld, was once pitted against the idealistic French conception of liberty as expressed by the great Revolution. The history of the nineteenth century has reconciled the two views. England and France have now virtually the same political and social vision, and there is every reason why they should continue to march companionably towards the destinies of the future. The author has given paraphrases in blank verse of Meredith's "Ode to France" and of Kipling's more recent poem with the same title. Several slight errors of fact have crept in: it is hardly correct to say that Irish Home Rule became an essential part of the Liberal programme as early as 1880; the Emden did not intern in an American port (p. 314); nor was William II Emperor in 1884, as is apparently implied on page 222.

"The Problem of Knowledge," by Douglas Clyde Macintosh, assistant professor of systematic theology in Yale University (Macmillan; $2.50), recalls to one the Scotch preachers of the eighteenth century whose two or three sermons every Sunday, each two or three hours in length, were full of systematic doctrine. In pursuit of ideal completeness Dr. Macintosh has swept the field clean, from Plato to the last new realist, and has elaborated a classification of doctrine under which it seems that no "ism" may be so much as mentioned without the accompaniment of two or three adjectives. His own doctrine is baptized as critical realistic epistemological monism, *alias*, for some purposes, scientific representational pragmatism. Dr. Macintosh's book will hardly attract the general reader; but the student of philosophy will be grateful for a useful guide to epistemological literature, and especially for the patient labor which has brought together the cross-currents of recent theory from the periodical literature.

On the other hand, the encyclopædic inclusion of philosophers great and small, so far from aiding, seems rather to hinder the development of his own contribution to epistemology; which by contrast seems to have been somewhat insufficiently considered. Dr. Macintosh's theory of knowledge is an attempt to combine the motives of idealism and intellectualism on the one side with those of the new realism and pragmatism on the other. The problem of representational knowledge, which divides the idealists from the realists, he solves by dividing the field between the two along lines that suggest a modernized version of Locke: the secondary qualities of objects, color, sound, etc., are *created* by our mental activity, and exist in us rather than in the object, while the primary qualities—such as solidity and extension, we may presume, since the author does not undertake to define them—are *revealed* through the secondary, and exist in the object. In reply to the traditional demand to show cause why the primary qualities are not similarly to be regarded as created, Dr. Macintosh can only reply, it seems, by deprecating the tendency to agnosticism. One is therefore prepared to learn that he is a pragmatist, though a representational pragmatist. In deference to the intellectualists he distinguishes between what is pragmatically "taken as true" and what is "really true," the first being a representation of reality sufficient for the purpose in hand, the second a representation which will satisfy all purposes. On the other hand, he compels the pragmatist to admit, on pain of being deprived of "essential pragmatism," that representation of reality is implied in the fulfilment of our purposes, and at the same time he compels him to swallow the seemingly anti-pragmatic purpose of knowledge for its own sake. There is much to commend in the idea underlying this eclectic philosophy, but also, in spite of many shrewd suggestions, much left to be desired in the working out. One may suggest that perhaps the problem of reconciliation has been too crudely conceived; and that it calls for new conceptions rather than for a division of the spoils of previous discussion.

Mr. Walter Wellman has had a vision which he unfolds in "The German Republic" (Dutton; $1 net). He has seen "the mightiest movement of the war": the German people stirred by doubt of the wisdom of their rulers and by loss of faith in their creed of force and tribal loyalty, opening their eyes to the truth concerning the origins of the war, charging their rulers with lies and hypocrisy, assembling in a congress whence they confess to the world their blindness, the atrocities of their warfare, and their immeasurable remorse—to America their misconception of neutrality and their gratitude for America's patience—founding the German Republic by a "declaration of self-government unanimously adopted," and finally establishing by a "great, gentle revolution" a new era in German and European history. A few weeks after these events are supposed to take place, peace is concluded, and Germany invites the nations of the world to assemble their representatives at The Hague on Christmas Day in order that they may "abolish forever human war . . . and set up the rule of universal moral law." Whatever the reader of Mr. Wellman's book may think of the author's crudities of style, of his knowledge of Germany, whether deep or shallow, or of his gifts as a prophet, there can be no doubt that Mr. Wellman expresses the earnest wish of many who honestly consider themselves loyal friends of the German people.

# Drama

## DRAMATIC PROBABILITIES.

"RICH MAN, POOR MAN," "HIS MAJESTY BUNKER BEAN," "UNDER SENTENCE."

How exaggerated may life be on the stage and still seem probable? It is a recurrent question which each generation must answer for itself; for life, too, changes from age to age. The experiments during the past few years in an uninspired sort of realism, to which the *Nation* has often referred, were salutary to the extent at least of showing how futile mechanical accuracy, whether of dialogue or of setting, may be on the stage. It is too early to expect a revolutionary change in American drama. The excellent material which several writers have discovered will continue to be wasted because it is not thoroughly turned over by the imagination.

Yet in two of the plays under consideration there is some indication of a change of heart; and it is noteworthy that the piece which upon analysis is the most extravagant moves along with the least tax upon the audience's credulity. "Bunker Bean," which is a dramatization by Mr. L. W. Dodd of Harry Leon Wilson's story, has quite the right flourish for farce comedy. The writer wades through the extravagant with complete assurance and succeeds in carrying his audience with him. The stages by which a modest stenographer, possessing a streak of the romantic, gains confidence in himself by the aid of a clairvoyant, and at length marries the daughter of his rich employer, do not impose too great a tax upon the imagination, owing to the swift treatment. The use of a supernatural element is indeed a happy stroke. It is hard to see how otherwise this retiring young man—played, for the most part, very amusingly by Taylor Holmes—could have obtained needed confidence in himself. When, however, he learns—what he had always secretly hoped might be true—that in other incarnations he has been famous, Napoleon Bonaparte and a benevolent Egyptian King, and procures the alleged mummy of the latter, the inherent possibilities of the man develop to such a degree that even the ensuing disillusion cannot quite crush them.

"Rich Man, Poor Man," an adaptation of Maximilian Foster's story by George Broadhurst, is also a bit of extravagant plotting. The author undertakes to install as the granddaughter of a rich, domineering aristocrat a deserving but humbly born orphan. The motive of the whole play is the love engendered in all who come in contact with this sweet young girl. We need not recount the intricacies of the story, which sketch the heroine's fortunes from the boarding-house, where she is a waitress, to her coming-out ball in luxury, and finally to her return to the boarding-house, when the facts have been revealed, and her marriage to a man of good family. The difficulty of the author was obviously larger than that of the author of "Bunker Bean." The issues at stake are greater, and there is need of careful psychology. He does not wholly succeed, for even the beauty of his heroine's character cannot quite subdue the audience's desire for an orderly development of the story. We wonder, for example, why David countenances the threats by which the girl is induced to

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promise him her hand when her heart is elsewhere engaged; for David, as he finally makes clear, is a "good fellow," even though the victim of pampering. We are surprised also that young Varick, a scion of a fashionable family, continues to remain at a cheap boarding-house after his fortunes begin to mend. Just here the plotting reminds one of second-rate melodrama. An author may with impunity transgress the rules of superficial verity; he will run counter to the deeper currents of human nature at his peril. Yet Mr. Broadhurst does contrive, in spite of a poor cast in the outlying parts, to produce a pleasant entertainment. In the rôle of the aged aristocrat Mr. Brandon Hurst gave a remarkably sound performance, and Miss Marie Wainwright was most satisfactory as this aged man's maiden sister.

"Under Sentence," by Roi Cooper Megrue and Irvin S. Cobb, is the most pretentious of the three plays mentioned. It also has the benefit of very good acting by Miss Janet Beecher and Mr. George Nash. But the impression which it leaves is but fleeting. Partly this is owing to the mechanical realism employed in the first half of the play, wherein we see convicts in and about their cells undergoing ill treatment.. Yet quite as much it is because some of the steps taken do offence to human nature. It is quite inconceivable, for instance, that any young man, newly married, would confess to a crime of which he was not guilty on the understanding that his sentence would be the shorter for it. Lame also is the device by which the energetic wife, in search of evidence to convict the real criminal, finally makes use of information which she has had in her possession for three years. The reason for this delay is plainly that the play may go on. We say nothing of the probability of the final acts, in which Blake, financier, now in stripes, is permitted to direct the prison because of his great ability. This is only a way of reflecting Mr. Osborne's methods of reform. "Under Sentence" is disappointing, not because of its extravagant elements, but because of the mixture, which clearly leaves the audience satisfied neither in the plane of realism nor in that of the imaginative. F.

## "HUSH."

The bogeyman in "Hush," the entertaining farce presented by Winthrop Ames at the Little Theatre, this time pursues the improprieties of our new age in and out of a play within a play, is almost worsted in this dramatic *cul-de-sac* over which Bernard Shaw's Fanny triumphed, and at last emerges to reassure the much upbraided Victorians that they were not so ignorant of sex, after all. Whether or not this is Miss Violet Pearn's first play we congratulate her for venturing where Fanny also trod with so much technical confidence, though she fails to project her audience into the inner play with as much ease.

Julia Laxton, a "new" young woman in revolt against the great conspiracy of silence, writes a play to shock the oppressors of her age, and determines to keep the secret from her fiancé. She is presented by him to his mother in a becoming suit of knee-breeches, dear to eighteenth-century romance as one of the Daughters of Revealment, who count that day lost when they have shocked no one. The Victorian parents approve of her beauty and dash off to a play, and the audience follows them into the stalls for the second act, or the first of Julia's secret, known to her and her producer as the "Baby." That all mention of the Baby and Julia's intimate acquaintance with its producer should arouse the jealousy and misunderstanding of her liberal-minded fiancé is, of course, the real plot of the farce. But the "Baby" has to deal with a strictly conventional rectory, where the son has brought back a bride, who proudly announces she is about to become a mother, and whose instinct for naturalness impels her to remove shoes and stockings for a romp on the lawn immediately she has met the rector, his prim wife, and his primmer spinster sister. Anxious to be loved of them, she finally submits to a tyranny of silence and evasion regarding her child and the charming mole it may inherit from its father. But the author would have us believe that this subterfuge has so robbed her of maternal pride after its birth that, in the face of the Mothers' Club, she is willing even to disavow her baby rather than shock their sensibilities with either mention or sight of its physical presence. And this sign of unmotherly confusion is interpreted by their gossipy circle to imply a bar sinister. But the devoted Lizzie, old and privileged servant of the rectory, takes her in hand, and when scandal and rumor assail the smug rectory, the young wife wakes up, insists that her husband, just returned from a business trip to Africa, shed his shirt and exhibit his mole of identity to the shocked gathering of mothers in the rectory parlor, thus vindicates her position, and emancipates herself from a tyranny of prudish silence. With the curtain rung down on Julie's secret child of fancy, we return to a family after-theatre gathering, where the Victorian parents insist that they were not shocked, where confession by the author of the "Baby" allays pangs of jealousy in her fiancé against its producer, and characters and audience are supposed to taxi home to supper. Julie was acted by Miss Cathleen Nesbitt, who shared honors for good work with Miss Estelle Winwood, the clever heroine of the inner play. Miss Winifred Fraser was a convincing Victorian mother, Cecil Yapp an amusing rector, while Miss Augusta Haviland as Lizzie, and Miss Louise Emery as the gossipy dressmaker, were equally rewarding. W. G. T.-F.

## THE WASHINGTON SQUARE PLAYERS.

The transition of the Washington Square Players from the modest Bandbox to the more pretentious atmosphere of the Comedy Theatre may be said presumably to mark the passing of this company from an experimental stage to an assured position as an institution in the dramatic life of New York. Always interesting and occasionally distinctive, their work at the Bandbox often revealed a touch of amateurishness which was by no means unpleasant. Riper experience of the original members of the company and the addition to its ranks of professional players of sound schooling have reduced the touch to a hint, and it seems not undesirable that that hint should persist to keep us in mind of the distinctive aims of the organization.

The first new bill presented by the Players at the Comedy contains nothing as memorable as the best of their work last year, but the first two of the four pieces are decidedly interesting. Alice Brown's playlet, "The Sugar House," is a genuine bit of realism of New England life, presenting the infatuation of an honest farmer for a jade. The contrast between the grim seriousness of Dan Masters and the frivolity of his light-o'-love (played by Miss Gwladys Wynne) is well conceived, and the dénouement, when Dan's neighbors come to tar and feather the jade, as their ancestors would have done a hundred years ago, is an effective reflex of the dour New England conscience. Arthur E. Hohl and Miss Marjorie Vonnegut (the latter an inexperienced player whose earnest performance shows considerable promise) are both admirable in type for the rôles of Dan Masters and his steadfast wife.

The second piece, "Lovers' Luck," is an entertaining little bit of cynicism from the French of Georges de Porto-Riche, exhibiting the sheer luck by which Françoise Desroches manages to retain the affections of her natural-born Don Juan of a husband. There are arid patches of talk in it and it would be sensibly improved by cutting. Miss Gwladys Wynne, in the principal woman's part of Françoise, is seen to better advantage than in the preceding play, giving a thoroughly well-rounded and artistic performance. Miss Helen Westley, a veteran of the youthful organization, is an excellent Madeleine Guérin, and José Ruben's performance as the husband shows him to be a finished actor who should add materially to the strength of the company.

The other two pieces in the bill are "A Merry Death," a harlequinade by the Russian Nicholas Evreinov, and "Sisters of Susanna," a farce by Philip Moeller. The former presents in a bizarre way Harlequin's defiance of death, but fails to be more than mildly interesting. In the latter the author, finding himself with an excellent idea for satire, somehow misses his opportunity. The notion is that the scandal created by the well-known episode of Susanna set all the ladies of the city displaying their backs in their gardens. The satire is on certain types of reformers, but it misses fire, the reason perhaps being revealed by the rather elaborate explanatory note on the programme which shows the author, one suspects, a little too self-consciously anxious to be shocking. Miss Westley gives an amusing character study in this piece. S. W.

## "FIXING SISTER."

The only apparent reason for the presentation of this piece at Maxine Elliott's Theatre is that it may go on the road with whatever cachet is afforded by a New York production. The excuse for its production at all is William Hodge in the same rôle, with such minor variations as a new play dictates. Doubtless Western audiences will find the excuse sufficient; doubtless, too, they will be duly edified by the spectacle of fast life as it is lived, according to the producers, in the metropolis, and almost certainly they will relish the exposure of a fraudulent English peer, with every manner and mannerism dear to tradition, by the clever young man from Texas. The clever young man is, of course, Mr. Hodge, who is amusing in his familiar manner. The rest of a large cast does as well as can be expected with an exceedingly silly play—at times entertaining by its very silliness. Miss Miriam Collins should be mentioned for an effective performance as a demure and rather inscrutable ingénue; Hamilton Deane for an impersonation of the fraudulent peer in the best tradition of the American stage of earlier days (to which the piece really belongs), and Miss Ida Vernon for a really clever character sketch of his accomplice, Lady Wafton. S. W.

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"MISS SPRINGTIME."

In this sprightly musical comedy at the New Amsterdam, the music by Emmerich Kalman. while lacking the popular tunefulness of his "Sari," is refreshingly original and dainty, and is most happily interpreted by a well-balanced orchestra, deserving of praise for restraint and lack of noise. It introduces a new singer, Miss Sari Petrass, from Budapest, who acquired English and favor in London, we are told. She has a pleasing voice and good looks, but lacks grace. George MacFarlane's fine baritone was at its best—it was a pleasure to hear him again to such good advantage. The comedy was entrusted to Georgia O'Ramey and Jack Hazzard, the former, as always, original and satisfying, the latter casual and droll. His sustained top note in a duet with MacFarlane was exceedingly funny. Charles Meakins as the lover, finally successful in his suit, did his little well. With an unusually well-chosen chorus, stunning costumes, attractive settings by Joseph Urban, and the principal rôles so ably filled, "Miss Springtime" seems launched for a long run.

# Art

*A History of Sculpture.* By Harold North Fowler. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.

In this book Professor Fowler has, as he modestly states in his preface, "attempted to give a sketch of the history of sculpture from the beginnings of civilization in Egypt and Babylonia to the present day," intending it as a handbook "for the use of the general public and of young students, not a work of research for the enlightenment of scholars." The aim which he thus set himself has been followed most conscientiously and as comprehensively as the restricted limits of his volume would permit, for he begins with the contemporaries of King Menes, and takes us down through the ages even to the younger sculptors of our own time and country, including at least the names of some who have hardly won their spurs as yet. He has even included a chapter on the sculpture of the Far East, a highly desirable feature in a book of this kind, in view of the attention now being given by our museums and collectors to the Buddhistic art of China, and to the relation between the early art of India and that of the Hellenistic world.

In every chapter there is the evidence which those familiar with Professor Fowler's work would have expected of sound scholarship, careful accuracy, moderateness of statement, and infinite labor. No one can be a specialist in all the fields which are covered in the book, and the task of preparing even a compilation which should treat the many periods and schools with equal fairness and intelligence must have been in inverse ratio to the size of the result as it is here presented. This brings us to another characteristic of the book, which is no less noticeable than those we have mentioned, and which we cannot help remarking with regret, namely, the indication in every paragraph of compression to the *n*th power. We do not know whether the limits of the volume were fixed by the publishers or self-imposed by the author, but surely a volume twice its size could have involved no more real labor on his part, and would have been twice as valuable even—or we might say especially—to the beginner, since it would have been easier and pleasanter reading, it would have afforded space for explanations which are often needed, and it would have given more opportunity for the author's personal views on doubtful or disputed points, which we now miss. To take an example from the beginning of the book, Professor Fowler evidently follows Breasted's system of Egyptian chronology, which is that now generally adopted by Egyptologists outside of England. But among English writers Petrie's system is still more frequently followed, differing from the other by centuries in the earlier periods. Between the two the beginner in the study is misled or confused, and in the chronological note on page 2 a few lines stating the difference and explaining the reasons for adopting the one chosen would have helped him greatly, but evidently the need of compression ruled this out. There is no intimation that there is more than one system of chronology in vogue.

It is, however, chiefly in his own particular field of Greek art that we feel the need of expatiation most keenly. What he has written on this part of his subject is palpably intended only for those who know nothing whatever about it, and we miss the added touch which might have been addressed, not to specialists, but to those who, having some knowledge of Greek sculpture, would have been glad of a personal expression here and there, as a guide in matters about which they were in doubt. But what we complain of are sins of omission rather than commission, and they must not make us overlook the admirable manner in which Professor Fowler has done what he set out to do. The clear manner in which he points out the distinctions between the characteristics of mediæval sculpture in Italy, France, Germany, England, and Spain, and his summaries of the work and tendencies of the better-known sculptors of the Renaissance show no less authoritative treatment than the chapters dealing with ancient art; and when it comes to modern sculpture, who can yet say where the line of exclusion is to be drawn? Occasionally we confess that we cannot accept the conclusions here set down. Remembering Houdon, for example, we cannot agree that Canova, with his thinly diluted classicism, was "undoubtedly the greatest sculptor of his time" (p. 347), nor can we understand why, among the important works of Frémiet, the Joan of Arc in the Place des Pyramides receives no mention, since surely no modern statue is more generally seen or admired by travellers and Frenchmen alike. We wish also that among Mercié's works a word could have been said about his statue of Gen. Robert E. Lee at Richmond, Va., which is not only one of the noblest military memorials of its time, but one of the most important equestrian figures we have in this country, and far less generally known than it deserves to be.

The book contains 196 illustrations, which are well-selected for their purpose; and the sacrifices to limitations of space of which we have spoken are somewhat counterbalanced by an excellent bibliography at the end, which will aid the reader who has the time and library at his command to pursue the subject further.

# Finance

THE STOCK EXCHANGE AND GERMANY.

If any one had doubted, after reading Sunday's "extras" and Monday morning's news, how financial markets would regard the raid by German submarines on ships passing Nantucket Light, bound into or out of New York harbor, he was promptly enlightened. Under what was undoubtedly the largest pressure of selling orders since the war began, such declines from Saturday were scored as 8⅛ points in United States Steel, 8½ in Crucible Steel, 9½ in Baldwin Locomotive, 18⅛ in Republic Steel, with a fall of 5 or 6 points in such railway shares as Union Pacific and Reading, and great demoralization elsewhere. As usually happens under such circumstances, buying orders were hurriedly placed in the market, and a good part of the loss was recovered. But the shock to the market was unmistakable; the spell of the "bull movement" was past.

The Stock Exchange had good reason for bewilderment. Very rarely has such reversal of conditions occurred as the overnight change from the talk of "peace overtures" by the Kaiser to this reckless and insolent performance of the German submarines. Whether last week's news was correct and this week's merely another instance of the German Government's monstrous diplomatic stupidity, or whether the "peace rumors" themselves were a pure canard from German sources, mattered very little to financial judgment. Even in advance of information as to how far the submarines had avoided technical violation of the German Government's explicit pledges, the man of least intelligence understood what situation might arise at this stage of our Presidential campaign.

There had been a curious prelude to this episode. Last Friday's formal declaration by an important international banking house of its certain knowledge that Germany was about to sue for peace took Wall Street completely by surprise. On the Stock Exchange, it caused an immediate reaction in prices, especially of "munitions shares." Yet the stock market as a whole was less affected than it was when rumors of the very roundabout German hints at peace circulated ten or twelve months ago. This absence of violent response may have been

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partly due to doubt as to whether such overtures at this time could accomplish anything. But it also reflected skepticism over the report itself; especially as to the inference that Ambassador Gerard was bringing the Kaiser's message to our Government.

On Saturday, the report of such a mission by the American Ambassador was denied, both by our own Administration and by Ambassador Bernstorff. But even before these denials, the Stock Exchange had at once expressed its own incredulity; and in this attitude it was joined by numerous banking houses, even those with German affiliations. Perhaps the strongest reason for such disbelief was the conviction that if an immediate purpose had existed at Berlin to open amicable negotiations with the Allies, and especially if such overtures had been entrusted to Mr. Gerard when he sailed, the German Chancellor's speech to the Reichstag would never have been made. Bethmann-Hollweg's bitter denunciation of England, his imputing to Great Britain of sinister purposes against her allies at the end of war, and his assertion that any German statesman should be hanged who would hesitate to "use against this enemy every available instrument of battle," would have been a singular invitation to negotiations.

In view of all this, it should be interesting to recall the successive stages of the only other American mediation in a great foreign war—the episode which ended the Russo-Japanese War in 1905. On May 27 of that year, Admiral Togo and the Japanese fleet had annihilated Russia's sea-power in the Korean Straits. A few days later, Wall Street heard the vague report that "foreign bankers with Continental connections look with some hope for the opening of negotiations for peace in behalf of Russia." This report the Russian Ambassador at Washington denied, declaring that "with the resources at her command, Russia can continue the war for years."

The next week definite reports arrived that the German Kaiser had brought pressure to bear on the Czar. A little later, on June 10, came the actual announcement that President Roosevelt had suggested to both Japan and Russia that a meeting be arranged to discuss terms of peace; that Russia had consented first and then Japan, though both with reservation. It was the middle of July, however, before Russia named for her plenipotentiary Sergius Witte, a known advocate of peace; and even Witte declared that "if the conditions of Japan cannot be accepted, the Russian people will be ready to continue the war—for years if necessary."

Those conditions first included an indemnity from Russia to pay the war expenses of Japan, an arrangement which Russia refused to consider. Under pressure from our Government the Mikado yielded. Under his instructions, peace was signed without it at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on August 28—three months after the first "peace rumors" circulated. The Japanese people then and afterwards resented bitterly the eleventh-hour concession, and it was long before our own Government's influence in obtaining it was forgiven.

What happened, in all that period, on the Stock Exchange? During June, the New York stock market fell into utter inactivity. During July, it advanced, but cautiously and with occasional reaction. During August, it burst into violent activity and strength; with prices of important stocks, on the day when peace was signed, 10 to 20 per cent. above the prices current when the first "peace rumors" of June were circulated. The longer sequel was a season of great financial activity and enthusiasm, with peace as the foremost influence. This may or may not be a true analogy for the time when the present war ends. There had been an "American boom" in Manchurian war-times, as there has been on this occasion. But we had seen no $1,300,000,000 increase in our annual export trade, and munitions manufacture had not become a national industry.

## BOOKS OF THE WEEK

### FICTION.

Dodge, H. I. Skinner's Dress Suit. Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Hamilton, C. The Sins of the Children. Little, Brown. $1.40 net.
Kingsley, C. The Tutor's Story. Dodd, Mead. $1.35 net.
Locke, W. J. The Wonderful Year. Lane. $1.40 net.
Lutz, G. L. A Voice in the Wilderness. Harper. $1.30 net.
Malet, L. Damaris. Dodd, Mead. $1.40 net.
Marshall, A. Watermeads. Dodd, Mead. $1.50 net.
Oppenheim, E. P. The Kingdom of the Blind. Little, Brown. $1.35 net.
Peattie, E. W. Sarah Brewster's Relatives. Houghton Mifflin.
Roe, V. E. The Divine Egotist. Dodd, Mead. $1.35 net.
Royle, E. M. Peace and Quiet. Harper. $1.35 net.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

Above Cayuga's Waters. Compiled by the editors of the class of 1917. Ithaca, N. Y.: The Cornell Era, Inc.
Griffis, W. E. Bonnie Scotland and What We Owe Her. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Hermannsson, H. Islandica: An Annual Relating to Iceland and the Fiske Icelandic Collection in Cornell Univ. Library. Vol. IX—Icelandic Books of the Sixteenth Century. Cornell Univ. Library.
Hibbert, H. G. Fifty Years of a Londoner's Life. Dodd, Mead. $3 net.
Hoar, A. The Submarine Torpedo Boat. Van Nostrand. $2 net.
McCabe, J. The Tyranny of Shams. Dodd Mead. $1.50 net.
Maeterlinck, M. The Wrack of the Storm. Dodd, Mead. $1.50 net.
Murry, J. M. Fyodor Dostoevsky. A Critical Study. Dodd, Mead. $2 net.
Publications of the Modern Language Association of America. Edited by W. G. Howard.
Sturluson, S. Edda, the Prose Edda. Translated from the Old Icelandic by A. G. Brodeu. Scandinavian Classics, Vol. V. American-Scandinavian Foundation. $1.50 net.
The Democratic Textbook, 1916. Issued by the Democratic National Committee. 25 cents.
Towards an Enduring Peace. Compiled by R. S. Bourne. Introduc. by F. H. Giddings. Amer. Assoc. for International Conciliation.

### RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Bridges, H. J. The Religion of Experience. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Slater, J. R. Living for the Future. Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.

### GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Brassey, Earl. Work and Wages. Longmans, Green. $1.25 net.
Creel, G. Wilson and the Issues. Century.
Hamilton, W. H. Exercises in Current Economics. University of Chicago Press. 53 cents.
Hayes, C. J. H. A Political and Social History of Modern Europe. Volumes I and II. Macmillan.
Johnson, E. R., and Van Metre, T. W. Principles of Railroad Transportation. Appleton. $2.50 net.
Report of the Department of Taxes and Assessments for the Year Ending March 31, 1916. The City of New York.

### BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Gordon, W. A Woman in the Balkans. Dodd, Mead. $3.50 net.
Harris, J. F. Samuel Butler. Dodd, Mead. $2 net.
Hasbrouck, L. S. La Salle (True Stories of Great Americans series). Macmillan. 50 cents.

### POETRY.

Joergens, O. A. The Woman and the Sage. London: Erskine Macdonald.
Robinson, W. F. The Harvesting and Other Poems. London: Erskine Macdonald.

### SCIENCE.

Alcott, C. D. Cambrian Geology and Paleontology. Vol. 64, No. 5. Washington: Smithsonian Institution.
Carlson, A. J. The Control of Hunger in Health and Disease. University of Chicago Press. $2 net.
Coleridge, S. Vivisection. Lane. $1.25 net.
Congdon, L. A. Fight for Food. Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Miessner, B. F. Radiodynamics. Van Nostrand. $2 net.
Sidis, B. The Causation and Treatment of Psychopathic Diseases. Badger. $2.50 net.

### DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Fifteen Plays of Shakespeare. With a Glossary abridged from the Oxford Shakespeare Glossary of C. T. Onions. Oxford University Press. $1 net.
Gore-Booth, E. The Death of Fionavar. From the Triumph of Maeve. London: Erskine Macdonald. 3s. 6d. net.
Hornblow, A. Training for the Stage. Foreword by D. Belasco. Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Pinski, D., and others. Six Plays of the Yiddish Theatre. Boston: Luce & Co. $1.50 net.
Sigurjonsson, J. Modern Icelandic Plays. Translated by H. K. Schanche. Scandinavian Classics, Vol. VI. American-Scandinavian Foundation. $1.50.

### ART.

Hamblin, S. F. Book of Garden Plans. Doubleday Page. $2 net.
McSpadden, J. W. Famous Painters of America. Dodd, Mead. $2.50 net.
Pennell, J. Pictures of the Wonder of Work. Lippincott. $2 net.

### JUVENILE.

Cram, E. C. Uncle David's Little Nephew. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 75 cents net.
Gregory, Lady. The Golden Apple. Putnam.
Miller, I. J. A. To-day and Yesterday. Chicago: The Blakely-Oswald Co. $1 net.
Warner, G. C. The House of Delight. Pilgrim Press. $1 net.

### TEXTBOOKS.

Alexander, L. H. A Practical Introduction to French. Oxford University Press. $1 net.
Bard, H. E. South America: Study Suggestions. Heath.
Dearborn, G. Van N. How to Learn Easily. Little, Brown.
Fuentes, V., and François, V. E. A Practical Spanish Grammar. Macmillan. $1 net.
Hall, J. W., and A. C. K. The Question as a Factor in Teaching. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Koren, W., and Chapman, P. A. French Reader. Holt.
Stone, A. P., and Garrison, S. L. Essentials of Argument. Holt.

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